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NOW.

Don't wait till my ears are deaf, to say
"How I loved her Heaven only knows,"
But take me close to your heart to-day,
And the tender truth disclose;

For what are kisses to clay-cold lips,
And eyes that are under death's white seal?
When never a breath from the silence slips—
Nay, kiss me while I can feel!

And if there be any deed I have done
That your word can proudly justify,
Don't wait to write it upon my tomb,
For the idle passer-by—

But hasten to me as I haply sit
Some chill and spiritless autumn morn,
Watching the shadows gather and flit,
And to-morrow at life forlorn.

And tell it to me, that you approve
That I wisely acted or nobly said,
And the sun shall scatter the clouds above,
And my night be day instead.

If I blindly err, or wilfully,
And cause a faithful bosom pain,
Don't give harsh thoughts to memory,
To be recalled again,

But seek my path some pleasant eve,
And lay your wag ered hand in mine,
And not a thought or grievance leave
For the future to define.

Then let the balm of forgiveness fall
On the error soon as it may,
That two so [illegible] bound by a needless thrall
To the end of the weary way.

Spare not your words till death hath pressed
His kiss to laurel upon the brow;
Oh, if there is one that you love the best,
Let the waiting heart know it now.

MIRIAM EARL.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XV.

COMING HOME.

Miss Carlyle, having resolved upon her course, quitted her own home, and removed to East Lynne with Peter and her handmaidens. In spite of Mr. Dill's grieved remonstrances, she discharged the servants whom Mr. Carlyle had engaged, all save one man.

On a Friday night, about a month after the wedding, Mr. Carlyle and his wife came home. They were expected, and Miss Carlyle went through the hall to receive them, and stood on the upper steps, between the pillars of the portico. An elegant chariot with four post-horses was drawing up; Miss Carlyle compressed her lips as she scanned it. She was attired in a handsome dark silk dress and a new cap; her anger had had time to cool down in the last month, and her strong common sense told her that the wiser plan would be to make the best of it. Mr. Carlyle came up the steps with Isabel.

"You here, Cornelia! that was kind. How are you? Isabel, this is my sister."

Lady Isabel put forth her hand, and Miss Carlyle condescended to touch the tips of her fingers. "I hope you are well, ma'am," she jerked out.

Mr. Carlyle left them together, and went back to search for some trifles which had been left in the carriage. Miss Carlyle led the way to a sitting-room, where the supper-tray was laid. "You would like to go up-stairs and take your things off before supper, ma'am?" she said, in the same jerking tone to Lady Isabel.

"Thank you. I will go to my rooms, but I do not require supper. We have dined."

"Then what would you like to take?" asked Miss Corny.

"Some tea, if you please. I am very thirsty."

"Tea!" ejaculated Miss Corny. "So late as this! I don't know that they have boiling water. You'd never sleep a wink all night, ma'am, if you took tea at eleven o'clock."

"Oh, then never mind," replied Lady Isabel. "It is of no consequence. Do not let me give trouble."

Miss Carlyle whisked out of the room; upon what errand was best known to herself; and in the hall she and Marvel came to an encounter. No words passed, but each eyed the other grimly. Marvel was very stylish, with five flounces to her dress, a veil, and a parasol. Meanwhile, Lady Isabel sat down and burst into bitter tears and sobs. A chill had come over her; it did not seem like coming home to East Lynne. Mr. Carlyle entered and witnessed the grief.

"Isabel!" he uttered, in amazement, as he hastened up to her. "My darling, what ails you?"

"I am tired, I think," she gently answered; "and coming into the house again made me think of papa. I should like to go to my rooms, Archibald, but I don't know which they are."

Neither did Mr. Carlyle know, but Miss Carlyle came whisking in again, and said: "The best rooms; those next the library. Should she go up with my lady?"

Mr Carlyle preferred to go himself, and he held out his arm to Isabel. She drew her veil over her face as she passed Miss Carlyle.

The branches were not lighted, and the room looked cold and comfortless. "Things seem all sizes and sevens in the house," remarked Mr. Carlyle. "I fancy the servants must have misunderstood my letter, and not have expected us until to-morrow night."

On returning to the sitting-room, Mr. Carlyle inquired the cause of the servants' negligence.

"I sent them away because they were superfluous encumbrances," hastily replied Miss Carlyle. "We have four in the house, and my lady has brought a fine maid, I see, making five. I have come up here to live."

Mr. Carlyle felt checkmated. He had always bowed to the will of Miss Corny, but he had an idea that he and his wife should be better without her. "And your house?" he exclaimed.

"I have let it furnished; the people enter to-day. So you cannot turn me out of East Lynne into the road, or to furnished lodgings, Archibald. There'll be enough expense without our keeping on two houses; and most people in your place would jump at the prospect of my living here. Your wife will be mistress. I do not intend to take her honors from her; but I shall save her a world of trouble in management—be as useful to her as a housekeeper. She will be glad of that, inexperienced as she is. I dare say she never gave a domestic order in her life."

This was a view of the case, to Mr. Carlyle, so plausibly put, that he began to think it might be all for the best. He had great reverence for his sister's judgment; force of habit is strong upon all of us. Still he did not know.

"Did you buy that fine piano which has arrived?" angrily asked Miss Carlyle.

"It was my present to Isabel."

Miss Corny groaned. "What did it cost?"

"The cost is of no consequence. The old piano here was a bad one, and I bought a better."

"What did it cost?" repeated Miss Carlyle.

"A hundred and twenty guineas," he answered. Obedience to her will was yet powerful within him.

Miss Corny threw up her hands and eyes. But at that moment Peter entered with some hot water which his master had rung for. Mr. Carlyle rose, and looked on the sideboard.

"Where's the wine, Peter?"

The servant put it out, port and sherry. Mr. Carlyle drank a glass, and then proceeded to mix some wine and water. "Shall I mix some for you, Cornelia?" he asked.

"I'll mix for myself if I want any. Who's that for?"

"Isabel."

He quitted the room, carrying the wine-and-water, and entered his wife's. She was sitting half buried it seemed in the arm-chair, her face muffled up. As she raised it, he saw that it was flushed and agitated; that her eyes were bright, and her frame was trembling.

"What is the matter?" he hastily asked.

"I got nervous after Marvel went," she whispered, laying hold of him, as if for protection from terror. "I could not find the bell, and that made me worse; so I came back to the chair and covered my head over, hoping somebody would come up."

"I have been talking to Cornelia. But what made you nervous?"

"Oh! I was very foolish. I kept thinking of frightful things; they would come into my mind. Do not blame me, Archibald. This is the room papa died in."

"Blame you, my darling!" he uttered, with deep feeling.

"I thought of a dreadful story about the bats, that the servants told—I dare say you never heard it; and I kept thinking, 'Suppose they were at the windows now, behind the blinds.' And then I was afraid to look at the bed; I fancied I might see—You are laughing!"

Yes, he was smiling; for he knew that these moments of nervous fear are best met jestingly. He made her drink the wine and water, and then he showed her where the bell was, ringing it as he did so. Its position had been changed in some late alterations to the house.

"Your rooms shall be changed to-morrow, Isabel."

"No, let us remain in these. I shall like to feel that papa was once their occupant. I won't get nervous again."

But, even as she spoke, her actions belied her words. Mr. Carlyle had gone to the door and opened it, and she flew close up to him, cowering behind him.

"Shall you be very long, Archibald?" she whispered.

"Not more than an hour," he answered. But he hastily put back one of his hands, and held her tightly in his protecting grasp. Marvel was coming along the corridor in answer to the ring.

"Have the goodness to let Miss Carlyle know that I am not coming down again to-night," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Carlyle shut the door, and then looked at his wife and laughed. "He is very kind to me," thought Isabel.

With the morning began the perplexities of Lady Isabel Carlyle. But, first of all, just fancy the group at breakfast. Miss Carlyle descended in the startling costume the reader has seen, took her seat at the breakfast-table, and there sat bolt upright. Mr. Carlyle came down next; and then Lady Isabel entered, in an elegant half-mourning dress, with flowing black ribbons.

"Good-morning, ma'am. I hope you slept well," was Miss Carlyle's salutation.

"Quite well, thank you," she answered, as she took her seat opposite Miss Carlyle. Miss Carlyle pointed to the top of the table.

"That is your place, ma'am; but I will pour out the coffee, and save you the trouble, if you wish it."

"I should be glad if you would," answered Lady Isabel.

So Miss Carlyle proceeded to her duties very stern and grim. The meal was nearly over, when Peter came in, and said the butcher had come up for orders. Miss Carlyle looked at Lady Isabel, waiting, of course, for her to give them. Isabel was silent with perplexity; she had never given such an order in her life. Totally ignorant was she of the requirements of a household; and did not know whether to suggest a few pounds of meat or a whole cow. It was the presence of that grim Miss Corny which put her out. Alone with her husband, she would have said, "What ought I to order, Archibald? Tell me." Peter waited.

"A— Something to roast and boil, if you please," stammered Lady Isabel.

She spoke in a low tone. Embarrassment makes cowards of the best of us; and Mr. Carlyle repeated it after her. He knew no more about housekeeping than she did.

"Something to roast and boil, tell the man, Peter."

Up started Miss Corny; she could not stand that. "Are you aware, Lady Isabel, that an order such as that would only puzzle the butcher? Shall I give the necessary orders for to-day? The fishmonger will be here presently!"

"Oh, I wish you would!" cried the relieved Lady Isabel. "I have not been accustomed to it, but I must learn. I don't think I know anything about housekeeping."

Miss Corny's answer was to stalk from the room. Isabel rose from her chair, like a bird released from its cage, and stood by her husband's side. "Have you finished, Archibald?"

"I think I have, dear. Oh! here's my coffee. There; I have finished now."

"Let us go around the grounds."

He rose, laid his hands playfully on her slender waist, and looked at her. "You may as well ask me to take a journey to the moon. It is past nine, and I have not been to the office for a month."

The tears rose in her eyes. "I wish you could stay with me. I wish you could be always with me! East Lynne will not be East Lynne without you."

"I will be with you as much as ever I can, my dearest," he whispered. "Come and walk with me through the park."

She ran for her bonnet, gloves, and parasol. Mr. Carlyle waited for her in the hall, and they went out together.

He thought it a good opportunity to speak about his sister. "She wishes to remain with us," he said. "I do not know what to decide. On the one hand, I think she might save you the worry of household management; on the other, I fancy we shall be happier by ourselves."

Isabel's heart sank within her at the idea of that stern Miss Corny, mounted over her as resident guard; but, refined and sensitive, almost painfully considerate of the feelings of others, she raised no word of objection. "As he and Miss Carlyle pleased," she answered.

"Isabel," he said, with grave earnestness, "I wish it to be as you please; that is, I wish matters to be arranged as may best please you; and I will have them so arranged. My chief object in life now is your happiness."

He spoke in all the sincerity of truth, and Isabel knew it; and the thought came across her that with him by her side, her loving protector, Miss Carlyle could not mar her life's peace. "Let her stay, Archibald; she will not incommode us."

"At any rate, it can be tried for a month or two, and we shall see how it works," he musingly observed.

They reached the park gates. "I wish I could go with you and be your clerk," she cried, unwilling to release his hand. "I should not have all that long way to go back by myself."

He laughed and shook his head, telling her that she wanted to bribe him into taking her back, but it could not be. And away he went, after saying farewell.

CHAPTER XVI.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

Isabel wandered back; and then wandered through the rooms; they looked lonely, not as they had seemed to look in her father's time. In her dressing-room knelt Marvel, unpacking. She rose when Lady Isabel entered.

"Can I speak to you a moment, if you please, my lady?"

"What is it?"

Then Marvel poured forth her tale. That she feared so small an establishment would not suit her, and, if my lady pleased, she would like to leave at once—that day. Anticipating it she had not unpacked her things.

"There has been some mistake about the servants, Marvel, but it will be remedied as soon as possible. And I told you before I married that Mr. Carlyle's establishment would be a limited one."

"My lady, perhaps I could put up with that; but I never could stop in the house with"—"that female Guy," had been on the tip of Marvel's tongue, but she remembered in time of whom she was speaking—"with Miss Carlyle. I fear, my lady, we have both got tempers that would clash, and might be flying at each other. I could not stop, my lady, for untold gold. And if you please to make me forfeit my running month's salary, why, I must do it. So when I have set your ladyship's things to rights, I hope you'll allow me to go."

Lady Isabel would not condescend to ask her to remain, but she wondered how she should manage the inconvenience. She drew her desk toward her. "What is the amount due to you?" she inquired, as she unlocked it.

"Up to the end of the quarter, my lady?" cried Marvel, in a brisk tone.

"No," coldly answered Lady Isabel. "Up to to-day."

"I have not had time to reckon, my lady."

Lady Isabel took a pencil and paper, made out the account, and laid it down in gold and silver on the table. "It's more than you deserve, Marvel," she remarked. "And more than you would get in most places. You ought to have given me proper notice."

Marvel melted into tears, and began a string of excuses. "She should never have wished to leave so kind a lady but for attendant ill conveniences, and she hoped my lady would not object to testify to her character."

Lady Isabel quitted the room in the midst of it; and in the course of the day Marvel took her departure, Joyce telling her that she ought to be ashamed of herself.

"I couldn't help myself," retorted Marvel, "and I am sorry to leave her, for she's a pleasant young lady to serve."

"Well, I know I'd have helped myself," was Joyce's remark. "I would not go off in this unhandsome way from a good mistress."

"Perhaps you wouldn't," loftily returned Marvel, "but my inside feelings are delicate and can't bear to be trampled upon. The same house is not going to hold me and that tall female image, who's more fit to be carried about at a foreign carnival than some that they do carry."

So Marvel left. And when Lady Isabel went to her room to dress for dinner, Joyce entered it.

"I am not much accustomed to a lady's maid's duties," began she, "but Miss Carlyle has sent me, my lady, to do what I can for you, if you will allow me."

THE DEATH OF THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

[See Article on Eighth Page.]

Isabel thought it was kind of Miss Carlyle.

"And if you please to trust me with the keys of your things, I will take charge of them for you, my lady, until you are suited with a maid," Joyce resumed.

"I don't know anything about the keys," answered Isabel; "I never keep them."

Joyce did her best, and Lady Isabel went down. It was nearly six o'clock, the dinner hour, and she strolled to the park gates, hoping to meet Mr. Carlyle. Taking a few steps out, she looked down the road, but could not see him coming; so she turned in again, and sat down under a shady tree out of view of the road. It was remarkably warm weather for the closing days of May.

Half an hour, and then Mr. Carlyle came pelting up, passed the gates, and turned on to the grass. There he saw his wife. She had fallen asleep, her head leaning against the trunk of a tree. Her bonnet and parasol lay at her feet, her scarf had dropped, and she looked like a lovely child, her lips partly open, her cheeks flushed, and her beautiful hair falling around. It was an exquisite picture, and his heart beat quicker within him as he felt that it was his own. A smile stole to his lips as he stood looking at her. She opened her eyes, and for a minute could not remember where she was. Then she started up.

"Oh, Archibald! have I been asleep?"

"Ay; and might have been stolen and carried off. I could not afford that, Isabel."

"I don't know how it came about. I was listening for you."

"What have you been doing all day?" he asked, as he drew her arm within his, and they walked on.

"Oh, I hardly know," she sighed. "Trying the new piano, and looking at my watch, wishing the time would go quicker, that you might come home. The ponies and carriage have arrived, Archibald."

"I know they have, my dear. Have you been out of doors much?"

"No, I waited for you." And then she saying she must replace her with all speed. Isabel said she knew of one, a young woman who had left Lady Mount Severn while she, Isabel, was at Castle Marling; her health was delicate, and Lady Mount Severn's place too hard for her. She might suit.

"Write to her," said Mr. Carlyle.

The carriage came round—a beautiful little equipage—and Isabel was ready. As Mr Carlyle drove slowly down the dusty road, they came upon Miss Corny, striding along in the sun, with a great umbrella over her head. She would not turn to look at them.

Once more, as in the year gone by, St. Jude's Church was in a flutter of expectation. It expected to see a whole paraphernalia of bridal finery, and again it was doomed to disappointment, for Isabel had not put off the mourning for her father. She was in black—a thin gauze dress—and her white bonnet had small black flowers inside and out. For the first time in his life, Mr. Carlyle took possession of the pew belonging to East Lynne, filling the place where the poor earl used to sit. Not so Miss Corny—she sat in her own.

Barbara was there with the Justice and Mrs. Hare. Her face wore a gray, dusky hue, of which she was only too conscious, but could not subdue. Her covetous eyes would wander to that other face, with its singular loveliness and its sweetly earnest eyes, sheltered under the protection of him, for whose sheltering protection she had so long yearned. Poor Barbara did not benefit much by the services that day.

Afterward they went across the churchyard to the west corner, where stood the tomb of Lord Mount Severn. Isabel looked at the inscription, her veil shading her face.

"Not here, and now, my darling," he whispered, pressing her arm to his side, for he felt her silent sobs. "Strive for calmness."

"It seems but the other day he was at church with me, and now—here!"

Mr. Carlyle suddenly changed their places, so that they stood with their backs to the hedge, and to any staring stragglers who might be lingering on the road.

"There ought to be railings round the tomb," she presently said, after a successful battle with her emotion.

"I thought so, and I suggested it to Lord Mount Severn, but he appeared to think differently. I will have it done."

"I put you to great expense," she said, "taking one thing with another."

Mr. Carlyle glanced quickly at her, a dim fear penetrating his mind that his sister might have been talking in her hearing. "An expense I would not be without for the whole world. You know it, Isabel."

"And I have nothing to repay you with," she sighed.

He looked excessively amused, and, gazing into her face, the expression of his eyes made her smile. "Here is John with the carriage," she exclaimed. "Let us go, Archibald."

Standing outside the gates, talking to the rector's family, were several ladies, one of them Barbara Hare. She watched Mr. Carlyle place his wife in the carriage; she watched him drive away. Barbara's very lips were white, as she bowed in return to his greeting.

"The heat is so great!" murmured Barbara, when those around noticed her paleness.

"Ah! you ought to have gone home in the phaeton with Mr. and Mrs. Hare—as they desired you."

"I wished to walk," returned the unhappy Barbara.

"What a pretty girl that is!" uttered Lady Isabel to her husband. "What is her name?"

"Barbara Hare."

CHAPTER XVII.

VISIT OF THE HARE FAMILY.

The county carriages began to pour to East Lynne, to pay the wedding visit, as it is called, to Mr. and Lady Isabel Carlyle. Of course they displayed themselves in their most courtly state. Mr. Carlyle, always a popular man, had gained double his former importance by his marriage with the daughter of the late Earl of Mount Severn. Among the earliest visitors went Justice and Mrs. Hare, with Barbara.

Isabel was in her dressing-gown, attended by Joyce, whom she was just asking to take the place of her late maid, if Miss Carlyle would consent to the transfer.

Joyce's face lighted up with pleasure at the proposal.

"Oh, my lady, you are very kind! I should so like it! I would serve you faithfully to the best of my ability."

Isabel laughed.

"But Miss Carlyle may not be inclined to transfer you."

"I think she would be, my lady. She said a day or two ago that I appeared to suit you, and you might have me altogether, if you wished, provided I could still make her gowns. I make them to please her, you see, my lady."

"Do you make her caps also?" demurely asked Lady Isabel.

Joyce smiled.

"Yes, my lady; but I am allowed to make them only according to her own pattern."

"Joyce, if you become my maid, you must wear smarter caps yourself. I do not wish you to be fine, like Marvel."

"Oh, my lady! I shall never be fine," shuddered Joyce. And Joyce believed she had cause to shudder at finery.

She was about to speak further, when a knock came to the dressing-room door. Joyce went to open it, and saw one of the housemaids, a girl who had recently been engaged, a native of West Lynne. Isabel heard the soliloquy.

"Is my lady there?"

"Yes."

"Some visitors. Peter ordered me to come and tell you. I say, Joyce, it's the Hares. And she's with them. I watched her get out of the carriage."

"Who?" sharply returned Joyce.

"Why, Miss Barbara. Only fancy her coming to pay the wedding visit here. My lady had better take care that she don't get a bowl of poison mixed for her. Master's out, or else I'd have given a shilling to see the interview between the three."

Joyce sent the girl away, shut the door, and turned to her mistress, quite unconscious that the half-whispered conversation had been audible.

"Some visitors are in the drawing room, my lady, Susan says. Mr. Justice Hare and Mrs Hare, and Miss Barbara."

Isabel descended, her mind full of the mysterious words spoken by Susan. The justice was in a new flaxen wig, obstinate-looking and pompous; Mrs. Hare pale, delicate and lady-like; Barbara beautiful; such was the impression they made upon Isabel.

They paid rather a long visit, Isabel quite falling in love with the gentle and suffering Mrs. Hare, and had risen to leave when Miss Carlyle entered. She wished them to remain longer; had something, she said, to show Barbara. The justice decline with him at five, and it was then half-past four; Barbara might stop if she liked.

Barbara's face turned crimson; but nevertheless she accepted the invitation, immediately proffered her by Miss Carlyle, to remain at East Lynne for the rest of the day.

Dinner-time approached, and Isabel went to dress for it. Joyce was waiting, and entered upon the subject of the service.

"My lady, I have spoken to Miss Carlyle, and she is willing that I should be transferred to you, but she says I ought first of all to acquaint you with certain unpleasant facts in my history, and the same thought had occurred to me. Miss Carlyle is not over pleasant in manner, my lady, but she is very upright and just."

"What facts?" asked Lady Isabel, sitting down to have her hair brushed.

"My lady, I'll tell you as shortly as I can. My father was a clerk in Mr. Carlyle's office—of course I mean the late Mr. Carlyle. My mother died when I was eight years old, and my father afterward married again, a sister of Mr. Kane's wife—"

"Mr. Kane the music-master?"

"Yes, my lady. She and Mrs. Kane were quite ladies; had been governesses. People said she lowered herself greatly in marrying my father. However, they did marry; and at the end of a year my little sister Afy was born. We lived in a pretty cottage in the wood; and were happy. But in twelve months more my stepmother died, and an aunt of hers adopted Afy. I lived with my father, going to school, then, to learn dressmaking; and finally going out to work to ladies' houses. After many years, Afy came home. Her aunt had died, and her income with her; but not the vanity and love of finery that Afy had acquired. She did nothing but dress herself and read novels. My father was angry; he said no good could come of it. She had several admirers. Mr. Richard Hare (Miss Barbara's own brother,)" continued Joyce, lowering her voice, "and she flirted with them all. My father used to go out to shoot on fine evenings after office, or to his duties as secretary to the library, and so Afy was generally all alone until I came home at nine o'clock; and was free to flirt with her beaux."

"Had she any she favored particularly, was it thought?" asked Lady Isabel.

"The chief one, my lady, was Richard Hare. She got acquainted with somebody else, a stranger, who used to ride over from a distance to see her; but I fancy there was nothing in it; Richard was the one. And it went on, and on, till—till—he killed her father."

"Who?" uttered the startled Lady Isabel.

"Richard Hare, my lady. Father had told Afy that Mr. Richard should not come there any longer, for when gentlemen go in secret after poor girls, it is well known they have not got marriage in their thoughts; father would have interfered more than he did, but that he judged well of Mr. Richard, and did not think he was one to do Afy real harm—but he did not know how flighty she was. However, one day he heard people talk about it in West Lynne, coupling her name and Mr. Richard's offensively together, and at night he told Afy, before me, that it should not go on any longer, and she must not encourage him. My lady, the next night Richard Hare shot my father."

"How very dreadful!"

"Whether it was done on purpose, or that they had a scuffle, and the gun went off accidentally and killed my father, no one can tell. Afy said she had been in the woods at the back of the house, and when she came in father lay dead, and Mr. Locksley was standing over him. He said he had heard the shot, and come up just in time to see Richard fly from the house, his shoes covered with blood. He has never been heard of since; but there is a judgment of murder out against him; and the shame and fear is killing his mother by inches."

"And Afy?"

"The worst is to come, my lady. Afy followed him directly after the inquest, and nothing has been known since of either of them. I was taken ill, after all these shocks, with nervous fever, and Miss Carlyle took care of me, and I have remained with her ever since. This was what I had to tell you, my lady, before you decided to take me into your service; it is not every lady who would like to engage one whose sister has turned out so badly."

Lady Isabel did not see that it could make any difference, or that it ought to. She said so; and then leaned back in her chair and mused.

"What dress, my lady?"

"Joyce, what was that I heard you and Susan gossiping over at the door?" Lady Isabel suddenly asked. "About Miss Hare giving me a bowl of poison. Something in the dramatic line, that would be. You should tell Susan not to make her whispers so loud."

"It was only a bit of nonsense, my lady. These ignorant servants will talk; and every one at West Lynne knew Miss Barbara was in love with Mr. Carlyle. But I don't fancy she would have been the one to make him happy, with all her love."

A hot flush passed over the brow of Lady Isabel; a sensation very like jealousy flew to her heart. No woman likes to hear of another's being, or having been, attached to her husband; a doubt always arises whether the feeling may not have been reciprocated.

Lady Isabel descended. She wore a costly black lace dress, its low body and sleeves trimmed with as costly white; and ornaments of jet. She looked inexpressibly beautiful, and Barbara turned from her with a feeling of sinking jealousy; from her beauty, from her attire, even from the fine, soft handkerchief, which displayed the badge of her rank—the coronet of an earl's daughter. Barbara looked well, too; she was in a light-blue silk robe, and her pretty cheeks were damask with her mind's excitement. On her neck she wore the gold chain given her by Mr. Carlyle—strange that she had not discarded that.

They stood together at the window, looking at Mr. Carlyle as he came up the avenue. He saw them, and nodded. Lady Isabel watched the damask cheeks turn to crimson at sight of him.

"How do you do, Barbara?" he cried, as he shook hands. "Come to pay me a visit at last? You have been rather tardy over it. And how are you, my darling?" he whispered, bending over his wife; but she missed his kiss of greeting. Well, would she have had him give it her in public? No; but she was in the mood to notice the omission.

Dinner over, Miss Carlyle beguiled Barbara out of doors. Barbara would far rather have remained in his presence. Of course they discussed Lady Isabel.

"How do you like her?" abruptly asked Barbara, alluding to Lady Isabel.

"Better than I thought I should," acknowledged Miss Carlyle. "I had expected airs and graces and pretence, and I [illegible] from them. She seems quite wrapped up in Archibald, and watches for his coming home like a cat watches for a mouse. She is dull without him."

Barbara compelled her manner to indifference. "I suppose it is natural."

"I suppose it is absurd," was the retort of Miss Carlyle. "I give them little of my company, especially in an evening. They go strolling out together, or she sings to him, he hanging over her as if she were gold; to judge by appearances, she is more precious to him than any gold that ever was coined into money. I'll tell you what I saw last night. Archibald had what he is not often subject to, a severe headache, and he went in the next room after dinner, and lay on the sofa. She carried a cup of tea to him, and never came back, leaving her own on the table till it was perfectly cold. I pushed open the door to tell her so. There was my lady's cambric handkerchief, soaked in eau-de-Cologne, lying on his forehead; and there was my lady herself, kneeling down and looking at him, he with his arm thrown round her there. Now I just ask you, Barbara, whether there's any sense in fadding with a man like that? If ever he did have a headache before he was married, I used to mix him up a good dose of salts and senna and tell him to go to bed early and sleep the pain off."

Barbara made no reply, but she turned her face from Miss Carlyle.

On Barbara's return to the house, she found that Mr. Carlyle and Lady Isabel were in an adjoining room, at the piano, and Barbara had an opportunity of hearing that sweet voice. She did as Miss Carlyle confessed to have done, pushed open the door between the two rooms, and looked in. It was the twilight hour, almost too dusk to see; but she could distinguish Isabel seated at the piano, and Mr. Carlyle standing behind her. She was singing one of the ballads from the opera of the "Bohemian Girl," "When other lips."

"Why do you like that song so much, Archibald?" she asked, when she had finished it.

"I don't know. I never liked it so much until I heard it from you."

"I wonder if they are come in. Shall we go into the next room?"

"Just this one first—this translation from the German—'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel.' There's real music in that song."

"Yes, there is. Do you know, Archibald, your taste is just like papa's. He liked all these quiet, imaginative songs, and so do you. And so do I," she laughingly added, "if I must speak the truth."

She ceased, and began the song, singing it exquisitely, in a low, sweet, earnest tone, the chords of the accompaniment, at its conclusion, dying off gradually into silence.

"There, Archibald, I am sure I have sung you ten songs at least," she said, leaning her head back against him, and looking at him from her upturned face. "You ought to pay me."

He did pay her: holding the dear face to him, and taking from it some impassioned kisses. Barbara turned to the window, a low moan of pain escaping her, as she pressed her forehead on one of its panes, and looked forth at the dusky night. Isabel came in on her husband's arm.

"Are you here alone, Miss Hare? I really beg your pardon. I supposed you were with Miss Carlyle."

"Where is Cornelia, Barbara?"

"I have just come in," was Barbara's reply. "I dare say she is following me."

So she was, for she entered a moment after, her voice raised in anger at the gardener, who had disobeyed her orders, and obeyed the wishes of Lady Isabel.

The evening wore on to ten, and as the timepiece struck the hour, Barbara rose from her chair in amazement.

"I did not think it was so late. Surely some one must have come for me."

"I will inquire," was Lady Isabel's answer, and Mr. Carlyle touched the bell. No one had come for Miss Hare.

"Then I fear I must trouble Peter," cried Barbara. "Mamma may be gone to rest, tired, and papa must have forgotten me. It would never do for me to get locked out," she gayly added.

"As you were one night before," said Mr. Carlyle, significantly.

He alluded to the night when Barbara was in the grove of trees with her unfortunate brother, and Mr. Hare was on the point, unconsciously, of locking her out. She had given Mr. Carlyle the history, but its recollection now called up a smart pain, and a change passed over her face.

"Oh! don't, Archibald," she uttered, in the impulse of the moment; "Don't recall it."

Isabel wondered.

"Can Peter take me?" continued Barbara.

"I had better take you," said Mr. Carlyle. "It is late."

Barbara's heart beat at the words; it beat as she put her things on—as she said good-night to Lady Isabel and Miss Carlyle; it beat to throbbing as she went out with him and took his arm. All just as it used to be—only that he was now the husband of another. Only!

It was a warm, lovely June night, not moonlight, but bright with its summer twilight. They went down the park into the road, which they crossed, and soon came to a stile. From that stile there led a path through the fields which would pass the back of Justice Hare's. Barbara stopped at it.

"Would you choose the field way to-night, Barbara? The grass will be damp, and this is the longest way."

"But we shall escape the dust of the road."

"Oh, very well, if you prefer it. It will not make three minutes' difference."

"He is very anxious to get home to her!" mentally exclaimed Barbara. "I shall fly out upon him, presently, or my heart will burst."

Mr. Carlyle crossed the stile, helped over Barbara, and then gave her his right arm again. He had taken her parasol, as he had taken it the last night they had walked together—an elegant little parasol, this, of blue silk and white lace, and he did not switch the hedges with it. That night was present to Barbara now, with all its words and its delusive hopes; terribly present to her was their bitter ending.

There are women of warm, impulsive temperaments, who can scarcely help, in certain moments of highly wrought excitement, overstepping the bounds of nature and decorum, and giving the reins to temper, tongue and imagination—making a scene, in short. Barbara had been working herself up into this state during the whole evening. The affection of Isabel for her husband, her voice, his caresses—seen through the half-open doors—had maddened her. She felt it impossible to restrain her excitement.

Mr. Carlyle walked on, utterly unconscious that a storm was brewing. More than that, he was unconscious of having given cause for one, and dashed into an indifferent, common place topic, in the most provoking manner.

"When does the [illegible] hay-making, Barbara?"

There was no reply. Barbara was swelling and panting, and trying to keep her emotion down. Mr. Carlyle tried again:

"Barbara, I asked you which day your papa cuts his hay."

Still no reply. Barbara was literally incapable of making one. The steam of excitement was on, nearly to its highest pitch. Her throat was working, the muscles of her mouth began to twitch, and a convulsive sob, or what sounded like it, broke from her. Mr. Carlyle turned his head hastily.

"Barbara! are you ill? What is it?"

On it came, passion, temper, wrongs and nervousness, all boiling over together. She shrieked, she sobbed, she was in strong hysterics. Mr. Carlyle half-carried, half-dragged her to the second stile, and placed her against it, his arm supporting her; and an old cow and two calves, wondering what the disturbance could mean at that sober time of night, walked up and stared at them.

Barbara struggled with her emotion—struggled manfully—and the sobs and the shrieks subsided; not the excitement or the passion. She put away his arm, and stood with her back to the stile, leaning against it. Mr. Carlyle felt inclined to fly to the pond for water, but he had nothing but his hat to get it in.

"Are you better, Barbara? What can have caused it?"

"What can have caused it?" she burst forth, giving full swing to the reins, and forgetting everything. "You can ask me that?"

Mr. Carlyle was struck dumb; but by some inexplicable laws of sympathy, a dim and very unpleasant consciousness of the truth began to steal over him.

"I don't understand you, Barbara. If I have offended you in any way, I am truly sorry."

"Truly sorry, no doubt!" was the retort, the sobs and the shrieks again alarmingly near. "What do you care for me? If I go under the sod to-morrow," stamping it with her foot, "you have your wife to care for; what am I?"

"Hush!" he interposed, glancing round, more mindful for her than she was for herself.

"Hush, yes! You would like me to hush; what is my misery to you? I would rather be in my grave, Archibald Carlyle, than endure the life I have led since you married her. My pain is greater than I well know how to bear."

"I cannot affect to misunderstand you," he said, feeling more at a nonplus than he had felt for many a day, and heartily wishing the whole female creation, save Isabel, somewhere. "But, my dear Barbara, I never gave you cause to think I—that I—cared for you more than I did care."

"Never gave me cause!" she gasped. "When you have been coming to our house constantly, almost like my shadow; when you gave me this"—dashing open her mantle, and holding up the locket to his view; "when you have been more intimate with me than a brother."

"Stay, Barbara. There it is—a brother. I have been nothing else; it never occurred to me to be anything else," he added, in his straightforward truth.

"Ay, as a brother, nothing else!" and her voice rose once more with her excitement; it seemed that she could not long control it. "What cared you for my feelings? what reeked you that you gained my love?"

"Barbara, hush!" he implored; "do be calm and reasonable. If I ever gave you cause to think I regarded you with deeper feeling, I can only express to you my deep regret, my repentance, and assure you it was done unconsciously."

She was growing calmer. The passion was fading, leaving her face still and white. She lifted it toward Mr. Carlyle.

"You treated me ill in showing signs of love, if you felt it not. Why did you kiss me?"

"I kissed you as I might kiss a sister—or perhaps as a pretty girl; man likes to do so. The close terms on which our families have lived, excused, if it did not justify, a degree of familiarity that might have been unseemly in—"

"You need not tell me that," hotly interrupted Barbara. "Had it been a stranger who had won my love and then thrown me from him, do you suppose I would have reproached him as I am now reproaching you? No; I would have died rather than he should have suspected it. If she had not come between us, should you have loved me?"

"Do not pursue this unthankful topic," he besought, almost wishing the staring cow would run away with her.

"I ask you, should you have loved me?" persisted Barbara, passing her handkerchief over her ashy lips.

"I don't know. How can I know? Do I not say to you, Barbara, that I only thought of you as a friend, a sister? I cannot tell what might have been!"

"I could bear it better, but that it was known," she murmured. "All West Lynne had coupled us together in their prying gossip, and they have only pity to cast on me now. I would far rather you had killed me, Archibald."

"I can but express to you my deep regret," he repeated. "I can only hope you will soon forget it all. Let the remembrance of this conversation pass away with to-night; let us still be to each other as friends—as brother and sister. Believe me," he concluded, in a deeper tone, "the confession has not lessened you in my estimation."

He made a movement as if he would get over the stile, but Barbara did not stir; the tears were silently coursing down her pallid face. At that moment there was an interruption.

"Is that you, Miss Barbara?"

Barbara started as if she had been shot. On the other side of the stile stood Wilson, their upper maid. How long might she have been there? She began to explain that Mr. Hare had sent Jasper out, and Mrs. Hare had thought it better to wait no longer for the man's return, so had dispatched her, Wilson, for Miss Barbara. Mr. Carlyle got over the stile, and handed over Miss Barbara.

"You need not come any further now," she said to him, in a low tone.

"I shall see you home," was his reply; and he held out his arm. Barbara took it.

They walked on in silence. Arrived at the back gate of the grove, which gave entrance to the kitchen garden, Wilson went forward. Mr. Carlyle took both Barbara's hands in his.

"Good-night, Barbara. God bless you."

She had had time for reflection; and the excitement gone, she saw her outbreak in all its shame and folly. Mr. Carlyle noticed how subdued and white she looked.

"I think I have been mad," she groaned. "I must have been mad to say what I did. Forget that it was uttered."

"I told you I would."

"You will not betray me to—to—your wife?" she panted.

"Barbara!"

"Thank you. Good-night."

[illegible] still retained her hands. "In a short time, Barbara, I trust you will find one more worthy to receive your love than I have been."

"Never," she impulsively answered. "I do not love and forget so lightly. In the years to come, in my old age, I shall still be nothing but Barbara Hare."

Mr. Carlyle walked away in a fit of musing. The revelation had given him pain (and possibly a little bit of flattery into the bargain), for he was fond of pretty Barbara. Fond in his way; not in hers; not with the sort of fondness he felt for his wife. He asked his conscience whether his manner to her in the past days had been a tinge warmer than we bestow upon a sister, and he decided that it might have been, but he most certainly had never cast a suspicion to the mischief it was doing.

"I heartily hope she'll soon find somebody to her liking, and forget me," was his concluding thought. "As to living and dying Barbara Hare, that's all moonshine; the sentimental rubbish that girls like to—"

"Archibald!"

He was passing the very last tree in the park, the nearest to his house, and the interruption came from a dark form standing under it.

"Is it you, my dearest?"

"I came out to meet you. Have you not been very long?"

"I think I have," he answered, as he drew his wife to his side, and walked on with her. "We met one of the servants at the second stile, but I went all the way."

"You have been intimate with the Hares?"

"Quite so. Cornelia is related to them."

"Do you think Barbara pretty?"

"Very."

"Then—intimate as you were—I wonder you never fell in love with her."

Mr. Carlyle laughed; a very conscious laugh, considering the recent interview.

"Did you, Archibald?"

The words were spoken in a low tone, almost, or he fancied it, a tone of emotion, and he looked at her in amazement. "Did I what, Isabel?"

"You never loved Barbara Hare?"

"Loved her? What is your head running on, Isabel? I never loved but one; and that one I made my own, my cherished wife."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS CARLYLE—ISABEL UNHAPPY.

Another year came in. Isabel would have been altogether happy but for Miss Carlyle; that lady still inflicted her presence upon East Lynne, and made the bane of its household. She deferred outwardly to Lady Isabel as the mistress; but the real mistress was herself, Isabel little more than an automaton. Her impulses were checked, her wishes frustrated, her actions tacitly condemned by the imperiously-willed Miss Carlyle. Poor Isabel, with her refined manners and her timid and sensitive temperament, had no chance against the strong-minded woman, and she was in a state of galling subjection in her own house.

Not a day passed but Miss Carlyle, by dint of hints and innuendoes, contrived to impress upon Lady Isabel the unfortunate blow to his own interests that Mr. Carlyle's marriage had been, the ruinous expense she had entailed upon the family. It struck a complete chill to Isabel's heart, and she became painfully impressed with the incubus she must be to Mr. Carlyle—so far as his pocket was concerned. Lord Mount Severn, with his little son, had paid them a short visit at Christmas, and Isabel had asked him, apparently with unconcern, whether Mr. Carlyle had put himself very much out of the way to marry her; whether it had entailed on him an expense and a style of living he would not otherwise have deemed himself justified in affording. Lord Mount Severn's reply was an unfortunate one; his opinion was, that it had, he said; and that Isabel ought to feel grateful to him for his generosity. She sighed as she listened, and from thenceforth determined to put up with Miss Carlyle.

More timid and sensitive by nature than many would believe or can imagine, reared in seclusion more simple and quietly than falls to the general lot of peers' daughters, and completely inexperienced, Isabel was unfit to battle with the world, totally unfit to battle with Miss Carlyle. The penniless state in which she was left at her father's death; the want of a home, save that accorded her at Castle Marling, even the hundred-pound note left in her hand by Mr. Carlyle, all had imbued her with a deep consciousness of humiliation; and, far from rebelling at or despising the small establishment (comparatively speaking) provided for her by Mr. Carlyle, she felt thankful to him for it. But to be told continually that this was more than he could afford, that she was in fact a blight upon his prospects, was enough to turn her heart to bitterness. Oh, that she had had the courage to speak out openly to her husband! that he might, by a single word of earnest love and assurance, have taken the weight from her heart, and rejoiced it with the truth—that all these miserable complaints were but the phantoms of his narrow-minded sister. But Isabel never did; when Miss Corny lapsed into her grumbling mood, she would bear in silence, or gently bend her aching forehead in her hands, never retorting.

Never before Mr. Carlyle, was the lady's temper vented upon her; plenty fell to his own share when he and his sister were alone; and he had become so accustomed to the sort of thing all his life, had got used to it, like the eels do to skinning, that it went, as the saying runs, in at one ear and out at the other, making no impression; he never dreamt that Isabel also received her portion.

It was a morning early in April. Joyce sat, in its gray dawn, over a large fire in the dressing-room of Lady Isabel Carlyle, her hands clasped to pain, and the tears coursing down her cheeks. Joyce was frightened; she had had some experience in illness; but illness of this nature she had never witnessed, and she was fervently hoping never to witness it again. In the adjoining room lay Lady Isabel, sick nearly unto death.

The door from the corridor softly opened, and Miss Carlyle entered. She had probably never walked with so gentle a step in all her life, and she had got a thick wadded mantle over her head and ears. Down she sat in a chair quite meekly, and Joyce saw that her face looked as gray as the early dawn.

"Joyce," whispered she, "is there danger?"

"Oh, ma'am, I trust not! But it's hard to witness, and it must be awful to bear."

"It is our common curse, Joyce. You and I may congratulate ourselves that we have not chosen to encounter it. Joyce," she added, after a pause, "I trust there's no danger; I should not like her to die."

Miss Carlyle spoke in a low, dread tone. Was she fearing that if her poor young sister-in-law did die, a weight would rest on her own conscience for all time?—a heavy, ever-present weight, whispering that she might have rendered her short year of marriage more happy, had she chosen; and that she had not so chosen, but had deliberately steeled every crevice of her heart against her? Very probably; she looked anxious and apprehensive in the morning's twilight.

"If there's danger, Joyce—"

"Why do you think there's danger, ma'am?" interrupted Joyce. "Are other people not as ill as this?"

"It is to be hoped they are not," rejoined Miss Carlyle. "And why is the express gone to Lynneborough for Dr. Martin?"

Up started Joyce, awestruck. "An express for Dr. Martin! Oh, ma'am! Who sent it? When did it go?"

"All I know is, that it's gone. Mr. Wainwright went to your master, and he came out of his room and sent John galloping to the telegraph office at West Lynne; where could your ears have been, not to hear the horse tearing off? I heard it, I know that, and a nice fright it put me in. I went to Mr. Carlyle's room to ask what was amiss, and he said he did not know himself; nothing, he hoped. And then he shut his door again in my face, instead of stopping to speak to me as any other Christian would."

Joyce did not answer; she was faint with apprehension; and there was a silence, broken only by the sounds from the next room. Miss Carlyle rose, and a fanciful person might have thought she was shivering.

"I can't stand this, Joyce; I shall go. If they want coffee, or anything of that, it can be sent here. Ask."

"I will presently; in a few minutes," answered Joyce, with a real shiver. "You are not going in, are you, ma'am?" she uttered, in apprehension, as Miss Carlyle began to steal on tip-toe to the inner door, and Joyce had a lively consciousness that her sight would not be an agreeable one to Lady Isabel. "They want the room free; they sent me out."

"Not I," answered Miss Corny. "I could do no good; and those who cannot, are better away."

"Just what Mr. Wainwright said, when he dismissed me," murmured Joyce. And Miss Carlyle finally passed into the corridor and withdrew.

Joyce sat on; it seemed to her an interminable time. And then she heard the arrival of Dr. Martin; heard him go into the next room. By and by Mr. Wainwright came out of it, into the room where Joyce was sitting. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and before she could bring out the ominous words, "Is there danger?" he had passed through it.

Mr. Wainwright was on his way to the apartment where he expected to find Mr. Carlyle. The latter was pacing it; he had so paced it all the night. His pale face flushed as the surgeon entered.

"You have little mercy on my suspense, Wainwright. Dr. Martin has been here these twenty minutes. What does he say?"

"Well, he cannot say any more than I did. The symptoms are critical, but he hopes she will do well. There's nothing for it but patience."

Mr. Carlyle resumed his weary walk.

"I come now to suggest that you should send for Little. In these protracted cases—"

The speech was interrupted by a cry from Mr. Carlyle, half horror, half despair. For the Reverend Mr. Little was the incumbent of St. Jude's, and his apprehensions had flown—he hardly knew to what they had not flown.

"Not for your wife," hastily rejoined the surgeon—"what good should a clergyman do to her? I spoke on the score of the child. Should it not live, it may be satisfactory to you and Lady Isabel to know that it was baptized."

"I thank you—I thank you," said Mr. Carlyle, grasping his hand in his inexpressible relief. "Little shall be sent for."

"You jumped to the conclusion that your wife's soul was flitting. Please God, she may yet live to bear you other children, if this one does die."

"Please God!" was the inward aspiration of Mr. Carlyle.

"Carlyle," added the surgeon, in a musing sort of tone, as he laid his hand on Mr. Carlyle's shoulder, which his own head scarcely reached, "I am sometimes at death-beds, where the clergyman is sent for in this desperate need, to the fleeting spirit; and I am tempted to ask myself what good another man, priest though he be, can do at the twelfth hour, where accounts have not been made up previously?"

It was hard upon midday. The Reverend Mr. Little, Mr. Carlyle, and Miss Carlyle were gathered in the dressing-room, round a table, on which stood a rich china bowl, containing water for the baptism. Joyce, her pale face working with emotion, came into the room, carrying what looked like a bundle of flannel. Little cared Mr. Carlyle for that bundle, in comparison with his care for his wife.

"Joyce," he whispered, "is it well, still?"

"I believe so, sir."

The service commenced. The clergyman took the child. "What name?" he asked.

Mr. Carlyle had never thought about the name. But he replied, pretty promptly—"William;" for he knew it was a name revered and loved by Lady Isabel.

The minister dipped his fingers in the water, Joyce interrupted, in much confusion, looking at her master.

"It is a little girl, sir. I beg your pardon. I'm sure I thought I had said so; but I'm flurried as I never was before."

There was a pause, and then the minister spoke again. "Name this child."

"Isabel Lucy," said Mr. Carlyle. Upon which a strange sort of resentful sniff was heard from Miss Corny. She had probably thought to hear him mention her own; but he had named it after his wife and his mother.

Mr. Carlyle was not allowed to see his wife until evening. His eyelashes glistened, as he looked down at her. She detected his emotion, and a faint smile parted her lips.

"I fear I bore it badly, Archibald; but let us be thankful that it is over. How thankful none can know, save those who have gone through it."

"I think they can," he murmured. "I never knew what thankfulness was until this day."

"That the baby is safe?"

"That you are safe, my darling; safe and spared to me, Isabel," he whispered, hiding his face upon hers. "I never, until to-day, knew what prayer was—the prayer of a heart in its sore need."

"Have you written to Lord Mount Severn?" she asked after a while.

"This afternoon," he replied.

"Why did you give baby my name—Isabel?"

"Do you think I could have given it a prettier one? I don't."

"Why do you not bring a chair and sit down by me?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I wish I might. But they limited my stay with you to four minutes, and Wainwright has posted himself outside the door, with his watch in his hand."

Quite true. There stood the careful surgeon, and the short interview was over almost as soon as it had begun.

The baby lived, and appeared likely to live, and of course the next thing was to look out for a maid for it. Isabel did not get strong very quickly. Fever and weakness had a struggle with each other and with her. One day, when she was dressing and sitting in her easy-chair, Miss Carlyle entered.

"Of all the servants in the neighborhood, who should you suppose is come up after the place of nurse?"

"Indeed I cannot guess."

"Why, Wilson, Mrs. Hare's maid. Three years and five months she has been with them, and now leaves in consequence of a fall out with Barbara. Will you see her?"

"Is she likely to suit? Is she a good servant?"

"She's not a bad servant, as servants go," responded Miss Carlyle. "She's steady and respectable; but she has got a tongue as long as from here to Lynneborough."

"That won't hurt baby," said Lady Isabel. "But if she has lived as lady's maid, she probably does not understand the care of infants."

"Yes, she does. She was upper nurse at Squire Pinner's, before going to Mrs. Hare's. Five years she lived there."

"I will see her," said Lady Isabel.

Miss Carlyle left the room to send the servant in, but came back first alone.

"Mind, Lady Isabel, don't you engage her. If she's likely to suit you, let her come again for the answer, and meanwhile I will go down to Mrs. Hare's, and learn the ins and outs of her leaving. It is all very plausible for her to put it upon Barbara, but that is only one side of the question. Before engaging her, it may be well to hear the other."

Of course this was but right. Isabel acquiesced, and the servant was introduced; a tall, pleasant-looking woman, with black eyes. Lady Isabel inquired why she was leaving Mrs. Hare's.

"My lady, it is through Miss Barbara's temper. Latterly—oh, for this year past, nothing has pleased her; she has grown nearly as imperious as the justice himself. I have threatened many times to leave, and last evening we came to another outbreak, and I left this morning."

"Left entirely?"

"Yes, my lady. Miss Barbara provoked me so, that I said last night I would leave as soon as breakfast was over. And I did so. I should be very glad to take your situation, my lady, if you would please to try me."

"You have been the upper maid at Mrs. Hare's?"

"Oh, yes, my lady."

"Then possibly this situation might not suit you so well as you imagine. Joyce is the upper servant here, and you would, in a manner, be under her. I have great confidence in Joyce; and in case of my illness or absence, Joyce would superintend the nursery."

"I should not mind that," was the applicant's answer. "We all like Joyce, my lady."

A few more questions, and then the girl was told to come again in the evening for her answer. Miss Carlyle went to the Grove for the "ins and outs" of the affair, when Mrs. Hare frankly stated that she had nothing to urge against Wilson, save her hasty manner of leaving, and believed the chief blame to be due to Barbara. Wilson, therefore, was engaged, and was to enter upon her new service the following morning.

In the afternoon succeeding to it, Isabel was lying on the sofa in her bed-room, asleep, as was supposed. In point of fact, she was in that state, half asleep, half

wakeful delirium, which those who suffer from weakness and fever know only too well. Suddenly she was aroused from it by hearing her own name mentioned in the adjoining room, where sat Joyce and Wilson, the latter holding the sleeping infant on her knee, the former sewing, the door between the rooms being ajar.

"How ill she does look," observed Wilson.

"Who?" asked Joyce.

"Her ladyship. She looks just as if she'd never get over it."

"She is getting over it quickly now," returned Joyce. "If you had seen her a week ago, you would not say she was looking ill now, speaking in comparison."

"My goodness! would not somebody's hopes be up again if anything should happen?"

"Nonsense!" crossly returned Joyce.

"You may cry out 'nonsense' forever, Joyce, but they would," went on Wilson. "And she would snap him up to a dead certainty; she'll never let him escape her a second time. She is as much in love with him as she ever was."

"It was all talk and fancy," said Joyce. "West Lynne must be busy. Mr. Carlyle never cared for her."

"That's more than you know. I have seen a little, Joyce; I have seen him kiss her."

"A pack of rubbish!" remarked Joyce. "That tells nothing."

"I don't say it does. There's not a young man living but what's fond of a sly kiss in the dark, if he can get it. He gave her that locket and chain she wears."

"Who wears?" retorted Joyce, determined not graciously to countenance the subject. "I don't want to hear anything about it."

"'Who,' now! Why, Miss Barbara. She has hardly had it off her neck since; my belief is, she wears it in her sleep."

"More simpleton she," returned Joyce.

"The night before he left West Lynne to marry Lady Isabel—and didn't the news come upon us like a thunder-clap!—Miss Barbara had been at Miss Carlyle's, and he brought her home. A lovely night it was, the moon rising, and nearly as light as day. He somehow broke her parasol in coming home, and when they got to our gate there was a love scene."

"Were you a third in it?" sarcastically demanded Joyce.

"Yes—without meaning to be. It was a regular love scene; I could hear enough for that. If ever anybody thought to be Mrs. Carlyle, Barbara Hare did that night."

"Why, you great baby! You have just said it was the night before he went to get married!"

"I don't care, she did. After he was gone, I saw her lift up her hands and her face in ecstasy, and say he could never know how much she loved him until she was his wife. Are you very sure, Joyce, many a love passage had passed between them two; but I suppose when my lady was thrown in his way he couldn't resist her rank and her beauty, and the old love was cast over. It is in the nature of man to be fickle, 'specially those that can boast of their own good looks, like Mr. Carlyle."

"Mr. Carlyle's not fickle."

"I can tell you some more yet. Two or three days after that, Miss Corny came up to our house with the news of his marriage. I was in mistress's bedroom, and they were in the room underneath, the windows open, and I heard Miss Corny tell the tale, for I was leaning out. Up came Miss Barbara upon an excuse and flew into her room, and I went into the corridor. A few moments and I heard a noise—it was a sort of wail, or groan—and I opened the door softly, fearing she might be fainting. Joyce, if my heart never ached for anybody before, it ached then. She was lying on the floor, her hands writhed together, and her poor face all white, like one in mortal agony. I'd have given a quarter's wages to be able to say a word of comfort to her; but I didn't dare interfere with such sorrow as that. I came out again, and shut the door without her seeing me."

"How thoroughly stupid she must have been!" uttered Joyce, "to go caring for one who did not care for her."

"I tell you, Joyce, you don't know that he did not care. You are as obstinate as the justice, and I wish to goodness you wouldn't interrupt me. They came up here to pay the wedding visit—master, mistress and she, came in state in the grand chariot, with the coachman and Jasper. If you have got any memory at all, you cannot fail to recollect it. Miss Barbara remained behind at East Lynne to spend the rest of the day."

"I remember it."

"I was sent to fetch her home in the evening, Jasper being out. I came the field way; for the dust by the road was enough to smother one, and at the last stile but one, what do you think I came upon?"

Joyce lifted her eyes. "A snake, perhaps."

"I came upon Miss Barbara and Mr. Carlyle. What had passed nobody knows but themselves. She was leaning her back against the stile, crying; low, soft sobs breaking from her, like one might expect to hear from a breaking heart. It seemed as if she had been reproaching him, as if some explanation had passed, and I heard him say that from henceforth they could only be brother and sister. I spoke soon, for fear they should see me, and Mr. Carlyle got over the stile. Miss Barbara said to him that he need not come any further, but he held out his arm, and came with her to our back gate. I went on then to open the door, and I saw him with his head bent down to her, and her two hands held in his. We don't know how it was between them, I tell you."

"At any rate, she is a downright fool to suffer herself to love him still!" uttered Joyce, indignantly.

"So she is, but she does do it. She'll often steal out to the gate about the time she knows he'll be passing, and watch him by, not letting him see her. It is nothing but her unhappiness, her jealousy of Lady Isabel that makes her cross. I assure you, Joyce, in this past year she has so changed that she's not like the same person. If Mr. Carlyle should ever get tired of my lady, and—"

"Wilson," harshly interrupted Joyce, "have the goodness to recollect yourself."

"What have I said now? Nothing but truth. Men are shamefully fickle, husbands worse than sweethearts, and I'm sure I'm not thinking of anything wrong. But to go back to the argument that we began with—I say that if anything happened to my lady, Miss Barbara, as sure as fate, would step into her shoes."

"Nothing is going to happen to her," continued Joyce, with composure.

"I hope it is not, now or later—for the sake of this dear little innocent thing upon my lap," went on the undaunted Wilson. "She would not make a very kind stepmother, for it is certain that where the first wife has been hated, her children won't be loved. She would turn Mr. Carlyle against them—"

"I tell you what it is, Wilson," interrupted Joyce, in a firm, unmistakable tone, "if you think to pursue those sort of topics at East Lynne, I shall inform my lady that you are unsuitable for the situation."

"I dare say!"

"And you know that when I make up my mind to do a thing I do it," continued Joyce. "Miss Carlyle may well say you have the longest tongue in West Lynne; but you might have the grace to know that this subject is one more unsuitable to it than another, whether you are eating Mr. Hare's bread, or whether you are eating Mr Carlyle's. Another word, Wilson; it appears to me that you have been carrying on a prying system in Mrs. Hare's house—do not attempt such a thing in this."

"You were always one of the straight-laced sort, Joyce," cried Wilson, laughing good-humoredly. "But now I have had my say out, I shall stop; and you need not fear I should be such a simpleton as to go prattling of this kind of thing to the servants."

Now just fancy this conversation penetrating to Lady Isabel! She heard it every word. It is all very well to oppose the argument, "Who attends to the gossip of servants?" Let me tell you it depends upon what the subject may be, whether the gossip is attended to or not. It might not, and indeed would not, have made so great an impression upon her had she been in strong health, but she was weak, feverish, and in a state of partial delirium; and she hastily took up the idea that Archibald Carlyle had never loved her, that he had admired her and made her his wife in his ambition, but that his heart had been given to Barbara Hare.

A pretty state of excitement she worked herself into as she lay there, jealousy and fever, ay, and love too, playing pranks with her brain. It was near the dinner hour, and when Mr. Carlyle entered, he was startled to see her; her pallid cheeks were burning with a red hectic, and her eyes glistened with fever.

"Isabel, you are worse!" he uttered, as he approached her with a quick step.

She partially rose from the sofa, and clasped hold of him in her emotion. "Oh, Archibald! Archibald!" she uttered, "don't marry her! I could not rest in my grave."

Mr. Carlyle, in his puzzled astonishment, believed her to be laboring under some temporary hallucination, the result of weakness. He set himself to soothe her, but it seemed that she could not be soothed. She burst into a storm of tears and began again—wild words.

"She would ill-treat my child; she would draw your love from it, and from my memory. Archibald, you must not marry her."

"You must be speaking from the influence of a dream, Isabel," he soothingly said; "you have been asleep, and are not yet awake. Be still, and recollection will return to you. There, love; rest upon me."

"To think of her as your wife brings pain enough to kill me," she continued to reiterate. "Promise me that you will not marry her; Archibald, promise it!"

"I will promise you anything in reason," he replied, bewildered with her words, "but I do not know what you mean. There is no possibility of my marrying any one, Isabel; you are my wife."

"But if I die? I may—you know I may; and many think I shall—do not let her usurp my place."

"Indeed she shall not—whoever you may be talking of. What have you been dreaming? Who is it that is troubling your mind?"

"Archibald, do you need to ask? Did you love no one before you married me? Perhaps you have loved her since—perhaps you love her still?"

Mr. Carlyle began to discern "method in her madness." He changed his cheering tone to one of grave earnestness. "Of whom do you speak, Isabel?"

"Of Barbara Hare."

He knitted his brow; he was both annoyed and vexed. Whatever had put this bygone nonsense into his wife's head? He quitted the sofa, where he had been supporting her, and stood upright before her, calm, dignified, almost solemn in his seriousness.

"Isabel, what notion you can possibly have picked up about myself and Barbara Hare, I am unable to conceive. I never loved Barbara Hare; I never entertained the faintest shadow of love for her; either before my marriage or since. You must tell me what has given rise to this idea in your mind."

"But she loved you."

A moment's hesitation; for, of course, Mr. Carlyle was conscious that she had; but, taking all the circumstances into consideration, more especially how he learned the fact, he could not, in honor, acknowledge it even to his wife. "If it was so, Isabel, she was more reprehensibly foolish than I should have given Barbara's good sense credit for; a woman may almost as well lose herself, as suffer herself to love, unsought. If she did give her love to me, I can only say I was entirely unconscious of it. Believe me, you have as much cause to be jealous of Cornelia, as you have of Barbara Hare."

An impulse rose within her that she would tell him all; the few words dropped by Susan and Joyce twelve months before, the conversation she had just overheard; but in that moment of renewed confidence, it did appear to her that she must have been very foolish to attach importance to it—that a sort of humiliation, in listening to the converse of servants, was reflected on her, and she remained silent.

There never was a passion in this world, there never will be one, so fantastic, so delusive, so powerful as jealousy. Mr. Carlyle dismissed the episode from his thoughts; he believed his wife's emotion to have arisen simply from a feverish dream, and never supposed but that, with the dream, its recollection would pass away from her. Not so. Implicitly relying upon her husband's words at the moment, feeling quite ashamed at her own suspicion, Lady Isabel afterward suffered the unhappy fear to regain its influence; the ill-starred revelations of Wilson reasserted their power, overmastering the denial of Mr. Carlyle. Shakspeare calls jealousy yellow and green; I think it may be called black and white, for it most assuredly views white as black, and black as white. The most fanciful surmises wear the aspect of truth, the greatest improbabilities appear as consistent realities. Not another word said Isabel to her husband; and the feeling—you will understand this if you have ever been foolish enough to sun yourself in its delights—only caused her to grow more attached to him, to be more eager for his love. But certain it is that Barbara Hare dwelt on her heart like an incubus.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

THE DIFFERENCE.—A lady teacher in one of the primary departments of a college recently, while trying to impress on the minds of a juvenile class the difference between the human and animal composition, asked, "What are we all made of?" "Dust," was the very prompt reply. "What are hogs made of?" "Slops," was the unanimous response.

Rich Men's Sons in New York.

The sons of rich men usually die poor, for the obvious reason that having gotten their money without labor or struggle, they fail to appreciate it, or to have judgment enough to use it discreetly. This is remarkably true in the republic, where fortunes are more fleeting than anywhere else, and at the same time more easily secured. Everything, here, is in a state of change. To-day, which really never exists, is no measure of to-morrow. The atmosphere is so elastic, the mind so buoyant as respects practicality, that men throw away dollars which they would cling to, on the other side of the sea, with the tenacity of death. The son of a wealthy American, if he ever amounts to anything, is almost exceptional. There is a proverb in Manhattan that to be the boy of a millionaire is to be half way to beggary. There are instances enough, and to spare, to enforce the verity of the saw. It is within reason to state that not one out of twenty sons of rich men would be able to gain their livelihood, if thrown on their own resources.

The most conspicuous exception to this is Wm. B. Astor, generally considered, and not without solid foundation, as the richest citizen of the United States. His sole compeers in fortune are Alexander T. Stewart and Cornelius Vanderbilt, often rated, though unjustly, as possessors of purses nearly if not quite as long as his. After a man has acquired $4 000,000, or $5 000,000, it is next to impossible to tell his financial status with any degree of exactness.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

Stewart, who is constantly at work on his private ledger, knows as definitely as any calculating Crœsus can, the extent of his opulence. It is said that he sums up every month the vast whole of his estate, albeit he never breathes the figures to mortal ear. General facts he is reputed to give to his partners and legal adviser; but the particular data he reserves for his secret satisfaction. Those who ought to know estimate Stewart's wealth at from forty to fifty millions ($40 000 000 to $50 000 000;) the latter, in all probability, an excess. The story published nearly a year ago, that he had discovered on the eve of his departure for Europe that he was worth one hundred millions ($100 000 000,) was a ridiculous and conscious exaggeration deliberately designed for sensational effect. His income varies greatly. During one year of the civil war, he paid taxes on over four millions ($4,000 000) income—a much larger sum than he had ever returned before or since. Last year, if I remember, his income was set down at less than $1,250 000. This fluctuation arises from the different profit at different times on his goods; an advance or decline of a very small percentage affecting his income enormously. Quidnuncs are constantly puzzling themselves to ascertain what Stewart intends to do with his colossal wealth; especially as he has no children, and very few, if any, relatives in this country. The question seems to disturb them much more than it does him, though there is no doubt he has arranged his affairs down to the smallest minutiæ. The reiterated reports of his intention to leave so much to this charity and so much to that, meet neither his confirmation nor denial. Some of his friends vaguely hint that, after his death, the public will be surprised at his munificence. Should he do one-fiftieth part of what he has been journalistically credited with a determination to do, the public certainly will be surprised. He has never enjoyed a reputation for generosity—what rich man ever did?—and his opportunities are splendid for establishing post-mortem fame.

HIS LOVE OF MYSTERY.

One thing everybody has heard of—the Working Women's Home—and nearly every visitor to the city has seen it. It is a noble charity (the ground and building, when completed, will cost $1 000 000), and, it may be added, a singularly mysterious one. Nobody can get any accurate idea of or about it, because it is Stewart's business, and his business is never to let anybody know anything concerning his business. Why the vast iron structure, in Fourth avenue, is not finished, especially when so many mechanics and laborers are out of employment as they are this winter, is beyond conjecture. Stewart, probably, knows, and that is enough—at least for him. He appears to delight in mystifying the community.

His marble mansion, commonly called the Mausoleum, Fourth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, stood vacant so long after it was entirely habitable, that the impression widely prevailed that he had no intention to occupy it. The story was circulated and believed, that he had made up his mind to present it to the city for a national museum and gallery of art. When nearly everybody felt assured of this, the merchant moved in, and will be moved out, feet foremost, by the undertaker.

Stewart is now seventy, and notwithstanding his recent ailing, is said to be in vigorous health. A native of the north of Ireland, he has been forty-five years in this country, where he began his career in a very small way as a retailer of lace purchased at auction. As thoroughly a self-made man, commercially, as Vanderbilt, unlike the latter, he has been regularly educated, and spends two or three hours a day reading the classics. Who says that an acquaintance with the classics expands the soul?

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

is notoriously the man who doesn't care a flash what people think of him, provided they don't owe him anything, and he'll look out that they don't, be sure. His fortune is reckoned at from thirty five to forty millions ($35 000 000 to $40 000 000); whose foundation was laid by his success, when a mere boy, in running a pirogue between Staten Island and the city.

The commodore is so largely interested in railways and railway stocks that his wealth varies with the quotations on the exchange. During the September panic, his nominal losses, judged by that standard, were from $10 000 000 to $12 000 000. His real losses were not enough to hurt him in the least. Now, in his eightieth year, he loves money as intensely, and drives as hard a bargain as he did when, at three-and-twenty, he had just gained possession of his first $10 000.

He has five or six children living, and his two sons, Wm. H. and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., contradict and verify the proverb of the town. The former is the president of the Hudson River Railway; the latter is—it would be hard to say what. The one is very capable, energetic, and has, in a very modified degree, many of his father's extraordinary business qualities. The other floats on the paternal reputation, though the golden octogenarian refused some fifteen or twenty years ago to pay another penny of the younger Cornelius's debts. It was C. V., Jr., who obtained loans from Horace Greeley from time to time, in large and small sums, until they reached nearly $5 000. When the commodore heard this, he repaired to Greeley's sanctum, and declared he would not discharge a dollar of the filial obligations. The Tribune editor, who was scratching away at his desk, looked up from his manuscript for a moment, and asked in his shrill treble: "Who the devil asked you to, Mr. Vanderbilt?"

The Colossus of Roads, after Greeley's death, sent for the distinguished journalist's daughters, Ida and Gabrielle, and gave each of them a $5 000 bond on the Harlem railway. He did not do it from anything but a sense of justice; for he never spoke of his act, nor did he wish them to speak of it. He has been guilty of so few generosities that this should be remembered to his credit. Under his circumstances he might have done more.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

Old John Jacob Astor's son, William B. Astor, is, as has been said, a striking exception to the offspring of most rich men. Few persons forget the record of the German lad, peasant-born, who walked from his native village of Waldorf all the way to the coast of Holland and embarked in a Dutch smack. He is said to have risen invariably at four o'clock in the morning; and to this needless and ridiculous habit is ascribed his immense fortune. If he had lain in bed three hours longer, it is quite likely he would have died much richer. At twenty he came to this country, and arrived in New York with a few dollars and several German flutes. He exchanged the latter for furs, returned to London, sold them, and thus began an extremely lucrative fur trade. Adding real estate to his other transactions, he accumulated not less than $25,000,000, which at the period of his death (1848) was considered the largest private fortune in the republic. He left two sons, one of whom, having been thrown from his horse in his youth, became permanently deranged. The unfortunate boy was liberally provided for, and, like most mild lunatics, lived to a ripe old age. He died some eight years since, in an old-fashioned house in Fourteenth street, near Ninth avenue. When his death was announced, the announcement was the first intimation to most persons that he had ever existed.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR,

the surviving son, is now 80. He has grown somewhat feeble recently, but goes, nearly every day, from his residence in Lafayette place, adjoining the Astor library, which his father founded, to his private office in Prince street, near Broadway. Astor has a decidedly German, and, on the whole, rather a stolid look. Like his father, he has always been very frugal and abstemious, though he enjoys a good dinner and a glass of claret or sherry as well as he did fifty years ago. Without the elder Astor's far-sightedness and financial grasp, he has the Teutonic quality of making money by not spending it. A sagacious manager and zealous husband, he has never speculated nor has he ever run risks of any kind. He has been content to watch what he had; to see it grow, and to make only such investments as were absolutely legitimate and entirely safe. His income is not, probably, as large as either Stewart's or Vanderbilt's; but his property is much greater. He owns real estate everywhere, and stores and buildings without end. He is reputed to be a rather hard landlord, demanding every dollar of his dues, though, it is said, when the tenant is very poor, he will lend the latter something or be lenient to him, after he has paid the final penny of his obligations.

ADVANCE IN HIS REAL ESTATE.

The rise of Astor's real estate, since he inherited it, is very great, having not only doubled, but in some instances trebled and quadrupled in value. He must be worth to day at least $100,000,000; some persons estimating it even higher. It must continue to increase steadily and rapidly for generations. Its owner knows this, and has never, it is said, sold a foot of land on this island. But he has bought wherever he could to advantage, having an abiding faith that the firm earth would not make false entries, nor run away.

THE YOUNGER ASTORS.

Wm. B. Astor has two sons, Wm. B. Astor, Jr., and John Jacob Astor; the former about 45, and the latter about 50. Both were bred to the law, but, as may be supposed, neither has had occasion to practice. Wm. B., Jr., resembles his father in face, figure and temperament; is cold, reserved, rather phlegmatic. His habits, too, are entirely domestic, opposed to ostentation of any kind. Outside of his circle of friends, he is seldom seen, and his name rarely appears in connection with public meetings, public dinners or charitable entertainments.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

John Jacob Astor is quite different; being more like his grandfather than his father. Of late years he has been the chief manager of the estate, and has shown a degree of shrewdness and perspicuity that clearly indicates his descent from the grand paternal stock. An astute operator, he does not hesitate to take ventures. Independent of his father, he has a fortune of some $8 000,000 to $10,000 000, which he has made himself. A story is told that, a number of years ago, when the elder Astor was abroad, John Jacob speculated somewhat in stocks, and lost a few hundreds of thousands of dollars. Paterfamilias, on his return, took his son to task for recklessness; reminding him that such was not the habit of his ancestors.

Not long after Wm. B. was in Europe again, and as there was serious monetary disorder here, John Jacob, though seeing many opportunities for speculation, let every dollar belonging to the estate lie idle; using only his own private means. Once more the old gentleman, coming home, found fault with the youngster for his neglect of superb chances, declaring that he held money better than an iron safe.

"I have held yours," was the answer, "but I have again been reckless with mine, as I will show you." He then produced his accounts, which proved that he had cleared upward of a million of dollars.

The governor was chagrined, but said nothing. He could not countenance speculation, though he could not help mourning over the gain he might have secured.

John Jacob, unless he die by accident, will likely live to be as old as his grandfather, who, at his decease, had attained his eighty-fifth year. He takes as good care of his health as he does of his property, and it is thought the great estate will continue to improve very rapidly under his complete, as it has already done under his partial, management. Already he has introduced a method, and displayed a positive genius in the administration of his affairs, which his father has never shown. Those intimate with him think, if he should live to be eighty, that the property now standing in Wm. B. Astor's name would be so enhanced as to represent from two hundred to two hundred and fifty millions ($200 000 000 to $250 000,000.) It is asserted that he has an ambition to expand, so far as compatible with safety, the immense wealth of the family; and as he is regarded as the leading mind of the present generation, he will, doubtless, have an opportunity to exercise his monetary ambition.

ECONOMIC LIVING.

The state of living of the Astors is in striking contrast to the style of living of many of the new rich people in New York. Their households are comfortable and elegant, the members of the family are well educated, are provided with books, pictures and mementoes of foreign travel; but neither the father nor the sons spend one-fifth of what scores of persons spend who are comparatively poor.

Wm. B. Astor still occupies the residence in which his father died. It has long ceased to be in a fashionable quarter, and, though commodious and pleasant in itself, it is in disagreeable contiguity to several stables.

The story is told—I expect its authenticity is somewhat questionable—that a friend of Astor asked him why he didn't buy the ground on which the stables stood, so as to get rid of them. The reply, as reported, was that real estate in that part of the town was not advancing, and that he did not feel he could afford to buy nonproductive property.

Mortals unpossessed of ample wealth will scarcely be able to perceive why the owner of a hundred millions should be unwilling to add to the pleasantness of his home for the sake of a few thousand dollars. When they grow very rich, perhaps the inconsistency will be explained.

Wm. B., Jr., and John Jacob Astor live as plainly, for their means, as their father does for his. Neither of them, it is affirmed, spends more than $25,000 a year, which is far less than most of our citizens ranked as prosperous limit themselves to. They emulate their founder, who, on his first voyage to this country, appeared on the deck of the vessel, during a tremendous storm, in his best suit of clothes. Some of the passengers inquiring the reason, he answered: "If we are wrecked, and I am saved, I shall have my best clothes with me; if I am lost, it won't matter what becomes of them."

The descendants of the old Badenese are not only determined to keep all their good clothes while they live, but to transmit their clothes after death, not unimpaired alone, but improved, to their posterity.

WEALTH AND CHILDREN.

The aphorism "A fool for luck and a poor man for children," projects another, "A sage for misfortune, and a millionaire for paucity of offspring." The latter half of the latter adage will apply to the three richest Manhattanese.

John Jacob Astor had but two sons and three daughters. Wm. B. Astor has the same number. Alexander T. Stewart is childless. Cornelius Vanderbilt has two sons, and two or three daughters, not more than nine or ten children in all, to represent nearly $200 000,000 of property; giving to each child some $20,000 000. The sum is sufficient for the maintenance of a good-sized town. Our half-million of tenement house population, I venture to assert, could not make up more than $1,000 000 after their monthly expenses had been paid.

Behold how unequally the gifts of fortune are divided! This man, by no means worthy, is almost suffocated by wealth; while that man, really worthy, practices justice, and follows starvation.

We who are poor can gather abundant sympathy from the multitude, and when prone to discontent, may look around and comfort ourselves with Swift's dictum:—"God shows His opinion of riches by the class of persons to whom he gives them!"—*Chicago Times.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANIMAL LOCOMOTION; OR, WALKING, SWIMMING AND FLYING; with a Dissertation on Aëronautics. By J. BELL PETTIGREW, M.D., F.R.S., Pathologist to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. Illustrated by 130 Engravings on Wood. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January contains "Libraries, Ancient and Modern," "Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge," "The Diplomatic Service," "Autobiography of John Stuart Mill," "Ninth Census of the United States," "Heer's Primeval Life in Switzerland," "Life and Correspondence of the First Earl of Minto," "Results of the Education Act," "The Devotion of the Sacred Heart," "Mr. Disraeli's Glasgow Speeches." Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

COMMON SENSE. A novel. By Mrs. C. J. NEWBY. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE, for March. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, for April, contains, "Mary Butler's Ride," "The Great South," continued; "A Magdalen of the Dresden Gallery," "Katherine Earle," "The Maiden and the Lily," "Christ's Resurrection, Scientifically Considered," "Earthen Pitchers," concluded; "The Mysterious Island," "Parepa-Rosa," "English and American Women," etc. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April, contains the continuation of "Prudence Palfrey," "The Lord's Day Gale," "Mistral's Calendau," "In Weimar with Liszt," "Life in the Backwoods of Canada," "The Lay of Thrym; a Norse Legend," "A Modern Financial Utopia," "Mose Evans," continued; "The British Upper Class in Fiction," etc. Published by Hard & Houghton, New York.

THE GALAXY for April contains a number of good articles by well known writers, among whom are: Bayard Taylor, Justin McCarthy, Richard Grant White, Carl Benson, Albert Rhodes, Junius Henri Browne, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, and others. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, January, 1874. This number contains—"Winckelmann," "Simplification of the Law," "Mary Somerville," "Sacerdotalism, Ancient and Modern," "Lombard Street," "John Stuart Mill's Autobiography," "The Despotism of the Future," "Prosper Mérimée, his Letters and Works," "Russian Songs and Folk-Tales," "The Difficulties of the Liberal Party." Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

CITIZEN: "Well, you see how it is yourself, Mr. Plumber. The girl left the laundry room window open, thermometer touching zero, water-pipe froze, then burst, and as no one knew how to shift off the plaguey thing, the water ran half the night." Plumber: "Yes, I see; very bad break; wants new plumbing throughout; miserable pipes through out—wonder it didn't happen long ago." Citizen: "How much is it going to cost to plumb up in good shape, including tenders?" Plumber: "Well, I don't know, but I think I'll take the house in part payment."

How Fair Chinese Die for Love.

In his "Fair Cathay," Mr. Medhurst states that one morning he received a card from a wealthy young lady, informing him that her betrothed having lapsed into an early grave, she had made up her mind to commit suicide on a certain day. To Mr. Medhurst's surprise, his official remonstrances were received with commonplace civilities, and "on the day named the woman did deliberately sacrifice her life in the presence of thousands. A stage was erected in an open field, with a tented frame over it, from which was suspended a piece of scarlet crape; one end of this she adjusted around her neck. She then embraced a little boy, probably a brother, presented by a person standing by, and having let fall a veil over her face, she mounted a chair and resolutely jumped off of it, her little clasped hands saluting the assemblage as her fast falling form twirled round with the tightening cord."

The Pull Down Practice.—Death laughs when he sees the weak and feeble bled, blistered, salivated, opiumized, or griped with violent purgatives. He knows that under such treatment they cannot long survive. In direct conflict with this pull down practice is the principle upon which HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS operate. The effect of this incomparable vegetable restorative is to build up the system and invigorate the constitution. It imparts appetite and assists digestion, enriches and cleanses the blood, regulates and tones the liver and the bowels, and establishes and perpetuates a healthy habit of body. By a happy combination of vegetable extracts—tonic, aperient and antibilious—with a pure stimulant, these effects are simultaneously produced. There is no prescription of the pharmacopœia that has the same scope. You may find among its formulas scourges for the bowels, stimulants for the stomach, sedatives for the nerves, but no grand combination medicine that, like Hostetter's Bitters, is at once a tonic, an aperient, a corrective and an alterative.

AN OUTGROWTH OF OTHER DISEASE!

Catarrh sometimes exists alone, but is more frequently a symptom of other diseased conditions. The following letter explains it:

COLLINGWOOD, Onondaga Co., N. Y., January 25, 1872.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1874

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SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

A book with this title has been written by Mrs. Phebe Earl Gibbons. A very entertaining book it is, and a valuable one, as it preserves for future reference the ways and speech of a people whose peculiarities, the quaint, homely, often picturesque features of primitive living, will soon pass away. "Pennsylvania Dutch" they are called, and people do not consider how entirely a misnomer it is. The Dutch are strikingly different in appearance and in mental characteristics. These are Germans; and, mingled with English as they have been in the settlement of the country, their speech is a curious and ludicrous jumble of the two languages—just what the practical necessities of their hard-working life, leaving little room for scholarship, would naturally make it. "Hans Breitman's Party," and other humorous poems of Leland, furnish the richest specimens of it that have found their way into literature. In the book before us we find amusing expressions that we have heard from our "help," and from market people, and wondered where they originated. Now it is plain: they come from Lancaster county, the head quarters of this queer mixture of English and German. "Die carpet hinaus an der fence," and "Die feushter und die porch," and the exclamation, "My goodness, es war schlemm!" are instances of the reckless tumbling together of the two tongues in common parlance. Even those who fancy they are speaking English will say "That's a werry tasty basket," (meaning durable); "I seen him yet aready," and "The bread is all." "All what?" we have often interrogated, to the simple girl's bewilderment, who thought her sentence complete already, without saying "all gone."

These people seem to be among the best specimens of the German settlers in America. They live plain, honest, laborious lives, and grow rich by patient saving, slow and sure accumulation. Of course in this way of making a fortune "the woman is more than half," an expression used by a shoemaker who had become the owner of two farms.

"In the winter mornings perhaps the farmer's wife goes out to milk in the stable with a lantern, while her daughters get breakfast; has her house 'redd up' about eight o'clock, and is prepared for several hours' sewing before dinner, laying by great piles of shirts for summer. We no longer make linen; but I have heard of one Dutch girl who had a good supply of domestic linen made into shirts and trousseau for the future spouse whose 'fair proportions' she had not yet seen.

"A laboring woman once, speaking to me of a neighbor, said 'She hain't got many dried apples. If her girs would setta in the evening, as I did!—but she'd rather keep company and run around than to smita.'"

When a young English girl whom I knew told a young Dutchman that she was going to make bread, he said, "I'm coming for a handful of your dough-trough scrapings;" the idea being that there should be no scrapings left

Among the German customs is that of using feather coverlets in winter, and instead of sheets blankets, which are washed in the spring.

At the Dunker Love Feast which our author describes, the brethren brought in tubs of savory meat, then great vessels of soup, and the tables being thus spread, the fasting family were ready to begin, not the supper, but the feet-washing; deviating from the gospel record—"supper being ended, Jesus washed the disciples' feet." These Dunkers let their viands cool while they go through the ceremony, one washing and one wiping, and finishing with a kiss. The sisters, on their side of the house, do the same. After supper came the communion, for which they use cakes, unleavened and sweetened, and strong wine made in the neighborhood, the pure juice of the grape.

The chapter on "Bethlehem and the Moravians," is an interesting one. These people resemble Quakers in some things, but not in discarding outward forms. "The love-feasts of the church, which are numerous, fifteen in the course of the year, are religious meetings, accompanied by a simple refection of coffee, and rusks or buns. Thus coffee is celebrated. As it was brought in, diffusing its odor through the church, there was singing in the German language. It was handed in white mugs by one of the brethren, and the rusks, which were light and good, were presented in a basket by a sister."

The services on Easter morning are thus described:—

"About three in the morning the band of trombone players begins to pass through the streets to awaken the members of the congregation. The spacious church is usually filled at an early hour, and the Easter morning litany, which embraces the creed of the church, is repeated. At the passage, 'Glory unto him, who is the resurrection and the life,' the minister sits down that the rest of the litany will be repeated on the burial ground. A procession is formed, and it is so timed that as it enters the grounds, it is met by the glorious beams of the rising sun, an emblem of resurrection.

The services are continued in the open air, the singing being led by the instrumental performers. It is said that on a fair morning about two thousand persons usually attend this really grand and impressive service; the grounds, which are always kept neat, being especially attended to before Easter. The first service on Easter Sunday took place at Hernhut, Saxony, in the year 1732. The Young Men's Union repaired before dawn to the graveyard and spent an hour and a half in singing and prayer.

"Christmas Eve is celebrated among the Moravians by a love-feast in the church. After the cakes and coffee, lit the wax candles lighted, are brought in upon trays, and distributed to the children, while verses are sung. This is to give them an impression of the Son of Righteousness.

"On New Year's Eve, at half past eleven, the congregation assemble for watch-meeting. The 90th psalm is sung, and a discourse from the minister. Meanwhile the musicians in the choir watch the progress of the hour, and as it nears before the organ, and the organist sits with his feet poised, ready to begin. When the year expires, the new one is welcomed by a loud crash of melody, and the congregation rise and join in singing, followed by prayer."

"Birthdays in some families are celebrated by little home parties, called vespers, where the friends of the family are bidden between two and three, P. M., and where they partake of coffee and sugar-cake; a cake used also in Northern Germany."

Marriages among the Moravians used to be made by lot, but this drove off so many of the young people that it was discontinued. The marriage by lot was thus managed:

"If a young missionary came home and met his friends, they would say, 'Well, you've come home to get married?'

"He would answer, 'Yes; do you know of any one suitable?'

"'Yes; there's Sister Gretchen.' Another might say, 'There's Sister Lydy;' and thus a half-dozen names would perhaps be gathered. He had the privilege of arranging the order of this list himself. Then, after prayer, the elders drew lots, taking the first name; one ballot being *Ja* and the other *Nein*. The idea was of a special Providence, by which he should find out whether it was the Lord's will that he should have the first. If the first lot should prove *Ja*, the result was communicated to the sister, and time was allowed her to reflect whether to accept or refuse."

A note (not by the author) says: "It is a well-known and abundantly-substantiated fact, that fewer unhappy marriages were known among the Moravians than among the same number of people in any other denomination of Christians, while the lot was in practice."

This reminds us of an item of information communicated by a little boy whose pigeon-house we visited. The lovely creatures, Fantails, Tumblers, Magpies, Carriers, Commons, were filling the place with soft, murmurous cooings, and pretty flutterings and glancing dove's-neck lustres, as they flew from perch to perch, and strutted and attitudinized, showing off their daintiest airs and graces. The proud owner pointed out cosy little nests tenanted by happy families, and described the management necessary to bring together the special individuals that he chose should set up housekeeping together.

"But why take all that trouble to mate them? Why not let them mate themselves? Surely they can do it better without meddling."

"No, indeed they can't. We take all that trouble because it makes a more contented pair—to choose for them. Sometimes at first they don't like each other, but soon get used to it, and agree well ever after. While if you leave them to themselves, they just take the nearest one, without waiting to look about, and don't get suited at all." S. P.

WASTE.

BY W. T. CLARKE.

At a time when every one feels something of the pinch in financial affairs, it may be well to reflect on the Wastes of Human Life. Condemnations of extravagance are the order of the day. Everybody admits the enormity of the sin in general, but nobody pleads guilty to any specific accusation. Who shall draw the line between economy and extravagance? Where exactly does prudence end and waste begin? There are no people in the world who spend so much money as Americans; but no other people have so much to spend; no other earn so much, and take so much pride and pleasure in earning it. The average of intelligence and morality is higher here than anywhere else on the globe. The more civilized a people are the more they want and the more they spend.

The question is not how cheaply we can manage to keep soul and body together, but how we can bring both body and soul to the highest condition of vitality and power. To live is something more than to exist. How can we live most and best? How can we feed intellect and affection, conscience, sympathy, imagination, reverence, as well as the physical system? All pinching and restricting of diet is injurious in the long run. The bean man, the bran-bread man, the one-meal-a-day man, the man who goes mousing about the world intent only on cheapness, never makes the scale of power kick the beam. He wastes more than he saves. He checks an income instead of stopping an outgo. The men who make the most ado over its petty prudences of life, and perpetually obtrude their parsimonious practices on public notice, never amount to anything, or do anything of account. Man wants all he can use, assimilate, organize, reproduce. The things that strengthen and beautify his essential manhood, that enrich his sentiments and refine his sensibilities, that ennoble his intellect and enlarge the scope of his being and the horizon of his possibilities, belong to him of right, as the crown and purple belong to royalty.—*Herald of Health.*

A BAY WINDOW.

House-planning is a series of compromises. One cannot have everything. The bay window is a cosy place to sit, quite too good to be given up to plants; so the cheapest and loveliest of home adornments are not indulged in because one must choose between the flowers and the people. There are two ways of accommodating both, provided a little more space can be allowed; and this it has become quite customary to do. The whole front of a small house is often rounded out, making a semi-circle of glass, admitting floods of sunshine. What a place of rejoicing for flowers, of delight for flower lovers!

The first plan is to have in the centre a small fountain jet, falling back into a circular basin about two feet across, with an eight-inch border half a foot deep for the reception of flower pots—the whole appearing like a large centre-table. The pipe for entrance and exit of water running up and down through the massive stem. The material may be stone, terra cotta or iron. Fill the border with the choicest selection of beautiful and fragrant plants put more between the pots, entirely concealing them, and dainty vines trailing over the edge. There should always be a reserve of fresh flowers accessible, somewhere on the premises, to secure continual variety and perpetual bloom. Now furnish the whole semicircle with cushioned window seats, and the flowers and the people are both provided for—the "thing of beauty," and those to whom it is a joy.

The second plan is to let a narrow border for flower-pots run all round the window, close to the glass; or a succession of jardinets, of which there are plenty of tasteful patterns; and instead of lace curtains, let the sunshine fall through the living lace-work of leaf and tendril and blossom the vines rooted in brackets at the sides and hanging baskets in the middle. A circular conch, occupying the centre of the bay window, completes this idea.

NICE LITTLE GIRL.—"Oh, Mr. Brown, give me one of the fish you've been catching." Brown (who rather fancies himself an oarsman, and does all he can to keep up the character)—"I haven't been fishing, my dear; I've been for a row." NICE LITTLE GIRL—"Why, Emily was looking at you through a telescope, and said you did nothing but catch crabs." Brown retires, smiling painfully.

FREE PLATFORM.

THE PROHIBITORY LAWS.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having read the article on MORAL SUASION by "No Fanatic," there are a few points on which, as a friend of reform, I would like a little more enlightenment. And first, the writer of the above-mentioned communication seems to imply, if he does not positively assert, that Prohibitory Laws, instead of *decreasing* the sales of intoxicating liquors, only tend to *increase* the evil.

There are Prohibitory Laws in Maine and Massachusetts, and perhaps in one or two other States; and, notwithstanding this fact, it is asserted that there is as much, if not more liquor sold in those States, than before the enactment of these laws, and intemperance, instead of being checked, is on the increase. It is very easy to make such statements, but quite another thing to substantiate them. There never was a good law framed, but that there were those who were ready to predict its failure, and on the alert to ascertain every infraction and herald it forth to the community as evidence and proof of their prognostications, while they utterly fail to notice and record the many instances of its quiet and successful operation. We would not class "No Fanatic" in this category; for, until evidence to the contrary is shown, we must concede him to be a friend, as he announces himself, of Temperance Reform. Do facts and figures bear our advocate of "MORAL SUASION" out in his deductions? We think not; but, on the contrary, a candid and impartial examination will demonstrate, notwithstanding the subterfuges resorted to in order to evade the law, that it has been the means of effecting a vast deal of good, and lessened very materially the use of intoxicating beverages, and has been as successfully enforced as the law against any other great moral evil. Again, our friend insinuates that to enforce such laws tends to increase a spirit of "prying, tattling, sneaking, lying," &c., in order to obtain evidence of their violation; and, per contra, the innate love of personal freedom in man, rebelling against this system, adopts the same methods to assure secrecy; thus, the law, instead of accomplishing good, brings forth evil, by fostering other evils, in themselves equally as bad. The law contemplates the resort to no such means. Nor does it necessarily, or by implication, require a man to be a spy, sneak, informer, or liar, in the sense used by the advocate of "MORAL SUASION." If a person or persons should be thought to be following some unlawful calling, shall that man be branded sneak and informer, who, suspecting a violation of the law, has his eyes and ears open to learn the facts in the case, and then, if his suspicions were well grounded, have the offenders brought to punishment? Certainly not. On the contrary, any citizen, having knowledge of such facts, and failing to make them known to the proper authorities, would be derelict in his duty as a member of society and a friend of law and order; and in one sense, become participeps criminis. For the law holds that he who has knowledge of crime and fails to reveal it, is liable to share in the penalty attached; and I submit whether it is not begging the question, when such a line of argument is pursued?

There is a law against gambling; and yet it is daily violated. Because of the means necessary to be resorted to in order to ferret out the offenders and bring them to justice, shall we say the remedy is worse than the disease, and let the execution of the law go by default? By no means. No one thinks of branding that man as a fanatic who raises his voice and uses his influence to put a stop to gambling and policy dealing: and yet, forsooth, when we talk of having stringent laws against the liquor traffic enacted, and enforced immediately the hue and cry of enthusiast and fanatic, is sounded forth. Why is this? Simply because of the *vast amount of money invested* in the business, and the *immense influence it wields in political circles*. "No Fanatic" is wrong, when he says he thinks he may take for granted, that the endeavor to enforce Prohibition always produces the mean and contemptible moral evils above enumerated. Under ordinary circumstances said traits are great moral evils, and as such denounced by the law of God. There is however no necessity for carrying this prying business to the extent that will make it obnoxious in endeavoring to have the law effectively enforced. According to the theory announced, it would be wrong to attempt the execution of *any* prohibitory or punitive law, because the means used to do so will lead to other evils which will more than counterbalance the good to be achieved; the logical deduction from which is, that it is better to leave evils alone, for fear of producing other and greater ones. But we cannot now pause to examine into and exhibit the fallacy of this line of argument. At another time, should the opportunity present itself, if abler heads do not take it up, we may have more to say in reference to it.

There is one more item in said communication to be examined into. It is asserted that there "is *one* good that comes from the liquor traffic"—the *revenue* derived therefrom. And hereon hinges, in our estimation, the whole difficulty of abolishing it. LIQUOR PAYS $90,000,000 TOWARD THE SUPPORT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT—*twenty millions more than the interest of our public debt.* This enormous tax falls almost exclusively upon those who use liquor, either as a drink, or medicinally, or in the mechanic arts. While *the abstainers are relieved from this burthen "as a reward of their virtue."* Just so. As before observed, it is the *money* that is in this nefarious business that makes it so difficult to control. It has its ramifications in nearly all branches of business. The farmer, lumberman, cooper, iron merchant, nail maker, founder, importer, exporter, brewer, distiller, &c., &c., all are, to a greater or less degree, affected by the movements of alcholic and fermented liquors. But *does* the abstainer escape the burthen? He may this particular one in this particular form. On the other hand are not others as grievous, nay, infinitely more so, imposed upon him? Bread is the staff of life. How many millions of bushels of grain are consumed annually in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors? And does not every bushel so used, beyond that required for purely medicinal or manufacturing purposes, correspondingly increase the cost of purchasing a barrel of flour or meal? The temperance advocate bears his full share of the tax in this form, and a pretty heavy one at that.

Again, the administration of justice costs about 75 per cent. more than it would, were it not for the extensive use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. This has been attested repeatedly by the judiciary of all our large cities. Who bears the largest per centage of the expense? The non-consumer of the article. As a natural sequence of this increased expense, taxes must be increased. Who pays them? not the man who is engaged in a lucrative liquor business, but the man who rents a house, in the shape of increased rent. If he be a mechanic or dealer, he must in some measure seek to remunerate himself by asking more for his labor or wares, and so on through the whole list. And the parties who pay this heavy government tax, in turn levy it upon others, or make up, in some degree, or manner, the amount thus paid, without going very deep into their own pockets. There are other aspects to this question, which will bear examination, but cannot now be presented, as I fear I have already exceeded the space allotted to the discussion of this subject. If this is acceptable we may make another attempt to aid the good cause. REFORMER.

PERSONAL FREEDOM.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I have read with attention the able article by "Temperance" in last week's POST. He puts his side of the argument very strongly, which pleases me; for I confess I am a little like that legislative orator, who declined to answer an opponent's speech, "because it wrenched him so terribly to kick at nothing."

"Temperance" says, and it is the essential point of his argument, the pivot on which it all turns:—"The truth is, no man has a right to do as he pleases, unless he pleases to do right."

Now, just in that little sentence is contained the essence of all the political and religious tyranny that has ever tormented the world. Men have never been persecuted for holding sound religious opinions—such as were considered sound by the great majority of their fellows. It has always been for holding unsound and heretical opinions—such as were calculated, in the view of the great majority, to ruin both body and soul. Socrates was condemned to death for "corrupting the youth of Athens"—the Apostles for being "disturbers of the peace," "fomenters of sedition," and "preachers of *false* gods."

"No man has a right to do as he pleases, unless he pleases to do right"—and the majority of course, wielding the power of the government, is to determine what is "right," make an infallible American Pope of itself, and enforce its decrees by fines and imprisonment. If this comes to be established as a rule of action, Liberty in this country will simply be the liberty to believe and say and do what the majority thinks right.

This tyrannous principle of government, some hundreds of years ago, was almost universally received as true. The great majority said, "It is not right for a man to stay from religious meetings on Sunday, or to refuse to contribute his money to the support of the established Church." Therefore all were compelled by law to do both. It is not right to preach unsound religious doctrines. Therefore punish a man, if he does. It is not right for poor people to wear too costly apparel. Punish them therefore, if they do. And so on, until the law had its hands full, trying to keep people right in all their doctrines and all their behavior.

But we have found out the folly of all that. The idea of LIBERTY arose, developing from the inner consciousness of Free Agency in man, as a mighty oak develops from the tiny acorn. Yes, I have a right to think and speak what you think is wrong, to do what you say is wrong—though I am only one, and you are ten thousand. One man believes it right to eat herbs, another who is strong eateth meat. One believes it right to drink only water, another believes it right to drink wine. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own Master he standeth or falleth. It is a matter for argument, for persuasion, for convincement—not for force and law.

If the idea of Freedom does not include the right in a man to determine for himself what he will eat and what he will drink, I do not see how Freedom differs from the most abject and ignoble Slavery. And if this right in a man be admitted, it follows that he has a right to *buy* such food and drink, without molestation either from his neighbors or the State. I repeat it—if I am a Freeman, and have a right to decide what food and drink are good for my health and comfort, then I have a right to buy those articles, and the State has no right to say they shall not be sold to me. Now the avowed reason for prohibiting the selling, is to prevent the buying and the drinking. But if I have the right to decide for myself, according to my own best judgment, whether I will drink wine, beer or whisky, you have no right to prohibit the selling of them to me. There can be no denying this.

I admit that this traffic, like all other traffics, may be regulated—but to regulate is a very different thing from prohibiting. The State may close all the stores on a Sunday, but because it does that, it does not follow that it would have the right to close them every day of the year. It may regulate the liquor traffic, so that the places in which liquor is sold shall be kept as orderly as possible; but that is a different thing from prohibiting the sale entirely. It may enact that I shall take out a license even to sell meat and flour, but it does not follow from that that it may entirely prohibit the sale of meat and flour. You might as well say that because the city authorities may prevent my driving through the streets at the rate of twenty miles an hour, they can forbid my driving through them at all. To regulate is one thing, to prohibit, another.

But "Temperance" says: "Why then enact laws for the punishment of the thief, the incendiary, the murderer?" Because the object of the law should be to preserve personal liberty. The rule is, not only that every man's own, rightful liberty should be respected by the State, but that the State should protect him from the invasions of that right by his neighbor. The thief may be a thief in heart, and steal from himself as much as he pleases—it is his Liberty. But when he steals from another man, he invades the personal liberty of that other. It is because the incendiary and the murderer invade the personal rights and liberty of other men, that the State rightfully restrains them. But the temperate drinking of liquors is a matter that is entirely within the province of the drinker himself. If it hurts others, it only hurts them in the same way that unsound religious opinions, a godless life, living beyond one's means, gluttony, thriftlessness, laziness, tea-tippling, tobacco-chewing, inordinate carnal affection, and many other things often fearfully injure a man's wife and children and friends. It is only where there is a *direct* interference with others that the State can rightfully interfere. The experience of ages proves that in attempting to right these other great evils by Law, much more harm is done than good. Men rightfully resent it, as an invasion of that Free Agency which is the dearest gift of God—and they continue in the wrong-doing, simply to vindicate their Freedom and their Manhood. The moment the best cause in the world seeks to maintain itself by the strong hand of legal tyranny, that moment it gives its opponent the aid of the noblest and most unconquerable sentiment of the soul, the God-implanted love of Personal Freedom.

Go into a Quaker meeting. What do those venerable-looking gentlemen, on those upper seats, mean by keeping their hats on their heads? It may be July and intensely hot—still they wear them. What does it mean? It means that some centuries ago, certain highly respectable Judges, in accordance with the views of nine men in ten of their fellow-countrymen, said that the Quakers must take off their hats when they entered the courts of justice. It puzzles you perhaps to understand how a man's liberty of conscience could be involved in keeping on his hat in a court-room; but there you see those venerable and kindly-looking gentlemen obstinately sitting with their hats on, because the right of their ancestors to wear their hats when they chose, was called in question some hundreds of years ago. I must confess I rather admire them for it. Nothing is so sacred as a man's Free Agency. That, if anything, distinguishes him from the brute.

No doubt that Intemperance is productive of much evil—but I think the extent of that evil is often absurdly exaggerated. When the Apostle says that "*the love of money* is the root of all evil," he comes a great deal nearer to the mark. The constant round of dissimulation, lying and cheating which goes on in society, even among the most moral and religious classes, and pollutes even the "house of God" itself, is something, to my mind, far more fearful than all the ravages of Intemperance. Then look at the innumerable thefts, robberies, and brutal murders resulting from this same love of money. The evils of Intemperance, bad as they are, sink into insignificance beside them.

Think also of the passion of love—the strongest and wildest of the passions. The Eastern monarch, you will remember, in hearing of any wrong-doing, always used to ask the question, "Who is she?" Why a very large proportion of the cheating and stealing is to please some woman. And at least half the murders, one would think, some woman is the cause of.

Shall we then prohibit all business dealings, because such great evils result therefrom? And shall we abolish women, in the Chinese fashion, when babies?—or at least abolish the passion of love, and marriage? The Shakers say so—they are kindred spirits, marriage prohibitionists. St. Paul says it is better not to get married, and he took his own advice, though he probably was in the habit of drinking wine, and certainly advised Timothy to drink it. The Saviour, who was our "perfect example," also never married. Did that mean that a perfect man could not be a married one? Let our Prohibition friends consider it—especially those ladies out West who are neglecting the care of their children and families, by giving whole days and weeks to converting liquor-sellers. Ladies who "have a mission" should imitate St. Paul, and never marry. Let that be the next fanaticism, and we shall not oppose it, unless its supporters endeavor to prohibit all marriage by law.

NO FANATIC.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride:
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.
—*Longfellow's Aftermath.*

What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house, make the bed, darn the socks and cook the meals, chiefly, that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making; or put a broom in her hands, and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quick'y look after them.

But what the true man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies, and with sin; and he needs a woman that, when he puts his arm around her, he feels he has something to fight for; she will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory; through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised beyond measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing out a noble idea in marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

Enough to Live On

To keep the balance true between income and outgo is the art of living; to spend within your means, happiness, one shilling over, misery, as Micawber pathetically puts it. That the amount of the fortune is no security for having enough, is strikingly illustrated in Mrs. Wood's admirable story. Lord Mount Severn has three hundred thousand dollars to spend every year. He thinks at first that it cannot be done; that ways cannot be found to use and throw away so much money; yet he learns to play the prodigal so well that the horrors of utter poverty gloom about his death-bed, and curse the beautiful child he leaves destitute in the hard world. It is no fancy picture. Nat Dick Swiveller himself was more distressingly impecunious, more harried with duns than are often those landed lords of England, whose vast revenues enrich them not at all, only enable them to heap up for themselves more toil and trouble than fall to the common lot.

Writing a Piece.

A country pedagogue in Henry County, Indiana, requested all his scholars to "write a piece," under penalty of a threshing. A rising genius got off the following:

"Lord of love,
Look down from above
On me poor scholars;
We have hired a fool
To teach our school,
And pay him fifty dollars."

WIT AND HUMOR.

HOW HE GOT A SUPPER.

A few months since a man who called himself a conjurer entered a tavern in a country town, and asked the company who were assembled in the bar-room if they would like to witness one of his tricks. The fellow looked cold and hungry, so the landlord gave assent, and stated that he knew a few tricks himself, and had seen many wonderful ones. The conjurer then requested the company to place three hats upon the table, which being done, he desired the landlord to bring a loaf of bread, and the stranger cut three pieces (nearly half a pound each) and placed one upon each hat. He then stated that he could do the trick much more comfortably to himself if he had three pieces of cheese. The cheese being brought, he cut three good-sized pieces, and placed one by each piece of bread. Now was the grand trick. The conjurer turned up the cuff of his coat, took off his neck-handkerchief and unbuttoned his shirt collar, and stated that he would now proceed to eat the three pieces of bread and afterward bring all under one hat. He commenced eating the bread and cheese, and, after eating two pieces, declared he could not proceed with the trick unless he had something to drink. The landlord, wishing that the wonderful trick should be proceeded with for the amusement of the customers, immediately gave the fellow a quart of ale, and the third piece of bread and cheese soon followed the first two pieces. Now the grand trick was to be disclosed, and the landlord and his companions waited to see it. The conjurer then said, "Now, gentlemen, which hat shall I bring the bread and cheese under?"

The landlord pointed out his own hat, wishing it to take part in the trick as well as his bread and cheese. It being so arranged, the conjurer again said, "Gentlemen, I have eaten the bread and cheese, and now I will bring it under the landlord's hat;" and he immediately placed the hat upon his head, and continued, "Now you will perceive it is under the hat without any deception."

There were shouts of laughter from all the company except the landlord, who was minus three pieces of bread and cheese, and a quart of ale.

The fellow left the house without making a collection of the company, he being well satisfied with the landlord's generosity.

HARD ON PIMPKINS.

Pimpkins! Don't you know Pimpkins? Then you don't know the daintiest, darlingest, most fashionable and most fastidious young self-admirer that ever lisped and languished in a drawing-room. Pimpkins was at Mrs. Bonnycastle's party last winter. One of the company was a blooming damsel from the country—a fresh, rosy-cheeked, bright-faced girl, over whom the impressible bachelors were in ecstasies. Pimpkins saw and admired. Pimpkins determined to make an impression. He stared at her through his quizzing-glass until he stared her out of countenance. Then he approached her. She was knitting overseeks for one of Mrs. Bonnycastle's children. "Aw," said Pimpkins. "Knitting, 'pon honah! Twooly industwious. Now, do you know, I like to see a young lady industwious. It's a good sign. I like to encouwage industwy. Aw—what would you charge to knit me a pair like that?" "Socks or stockings do you want, Mr. Pimpkins?" "Ah! dewood if I exactly understand—but, aw—I want 'em to come up over the calf, you know." "In that case," replied the blooming damsel, smiling a sweet, innocent smile, "I should have to estimate. I never knit a pair to cover one's whole body!" Pimpkins was observed at the sideboard shortly afterward trying to eat a half-melted ice with a *fork*.

GERMANIC.—A German peddler sold a man a liquid for the extermination of bugs. "And how do you use it?" inquired the man, after he had bought it. "Ketch the bug, un drop von little drop into his mout," answered the peddler. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the purchaser, "I could kill it in half the time by stamping on it." "Vell," calmly exclaimed the German, "dat is a good vay, too!"

THE STUDENTS' GHOST.—Some students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office, the other night, and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along and didn't get frightened. He disrobed it, and now wears a fifteen-dollar pair of pantaloons, a seven-dollar vest, a ten-dollar pair of boots, and an eight-dollar hat, which are sadly missed from the wardrobes of the aforesaid students.

NOT TO BE SOLD.

Bishop George would never have his portrait taken. "If I were to," said he, "I should be engraved and hung in some good brother's parlor, and by and by the good brother would fail in business or die, and his effects would be put up for public sale, and the voluble auctioneer would come across me in a pile of household trumpery, and, as he held me suspended by thumb and fore finger, he would cry, 'Now, gentlemen, here's your chance! your only chance! perhaps your last chance to buy a bishop! How much am I bid for a bishop? Twelve and a half cents for a bishop! Only a York shilling for a Methodist bishop! Do I hear any more? Going! going! gone! Only twelve and a half cents—dog cheap—for a Methodist bishop!'"

A GRANGER'S SERENADE.

Oh come, my love, and live with me
And keep my cottage in the glen—
As patient as an humble bee,
And busy as a setting hen.

Oh, rest beneath my fragrant bower,
Where sweet stramonium doth entwine;
Come, smell the gentle cauliflower
And cull the mangel-wurtzel vine.

Ah! listen to the rural songs!
The pea shall wind his magic shell
As Echo plaintively prolongs
The warble of the pimpernel.

Beyond the vermicelli row
I hear the bull-frogs sigh again—
The cackle of the Dutchman's cow—
The bellow of the Berkshire hen.

Oh, come, love, come! the morn is fair,
I'll celebrate the day with thee;
I'll merrily dig the parsnip bare,
And shake the ruta-baga tree.

My sweetest! I am fond of mush,
And thou wilt sure come out for me;
We'll early sow the currant-bush,
And tap the cranberry-jelly tree.

We'll pull the wool from off the calf,
The cotton-wood its fleece shall shed,
So at the winter will we laugh,
And gayly weed the oyster-bed.

We'll blithely hoe the Winter wheat,
We'll see the eggs the squirrels lay,
And when the lantern hog shall bleat,
We'll feed him with some clover hay.

Then come, my love, and live with me,
And beautify my homely den,
As patient as an humble bee,
And busy as a setting hen.

SOMETIMES.

They fade to fairies, fade and pass
Into the dimness of the dew,
Into the greenness of the grass,
Sometimes—my pretty children do;
They wander off into the wind,
And leave me, dreaming, far behind.

Then come great greatures round me steals:
My hollow hands I faintly hold;
The awful touch of blindness seals
My glimmering eyes, and I am old—
So old I can not tell for my years,
So old that I have done with tears.

Soon little faces, flushed and fair,
As other faces used to be,
Climb, full of wonder, up my chair,
And whisper, while they look at me;
Till suddenly some timid tongue
Asks me if I were ever young.

Then, wild and beautiful, like a bird,
Upon my shoulders Youth alights,
Old music from its sleep is heard,
I linger in diviner nights,
A lonesome crescent cuts the sky,
Weird windy shadows waver by.

One lily, yellow as the moon,
Rises and shakes its wrinkles out;
A red geranium follows soon,
And breathes its haunted scents about;
From half a century of dust
A slighted hand is warily thrust.

Then my fair dreary dream will pass—
No longer young nor old am I;
My children leave the dew and grass,
Out of the wind my fairies fly;
My own sweet children sweetly say,
"You cry, sometimes—when we're away."

THE SEA OF FIRE;

OR,

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

Mrs. Leslie's drawing-room was luxuriously furnished in accordance with modern fashionable ideas of good taste—her carpets were rich, her curtains of the latest style, her gas-fixtures of real gold and bronze, and the costly knick-knacks that covered stands and tables, had been gathered from every land under the sun. The other rooms were much in the same style. But Rose Darivage did not approve of the magnificence in which her aunt delighted. There was a small oval room immediately above the drawing-room. Its bay window overlooked the street, and Rose, under whose rule Mrs Leslie trembled, had made it into a sanctum of her own.

It was a pretty place. The walls were panelled in a kind of misty gray, relieved by faint lines of gold; in the concave ceiling the misty gray melted into misty blue. The carpet was of a soft, moss like green, with at long intervals a blush-rose upon it; the other accompaniments were dainty and beautiful. Rose was proud of her boudoir, or sanctum, as she preferred to call it.

Rose Darivage was an orphan, with a small income. The early part of her life had been spent at a school in the country. The remainder, so far, had been equally divided between the steamship of her uncle, Captain Darivage, and the house of her aunt, Mrs Leslie. Neither Captain Darivage nor Mrs Leslie could do without her—and so Rose, to use her own expression, was compelled "to divide herself."

Rose and Inez sat on a small sofa behind the asters and chrysanthemums that screened the window of Rose's sanctum.

Inez was not so pale as she had been, and the sad, wistful expression had faded from her eyes. Mrs. Leslie had, on hearing her story from Felix Brierwood, installed her in her gallery of favorites, and had insisted upon sending for her own dress maker, to fit Inez out—a favor which the latter highly appreciated.

There was less color but more grace in Inez than in Rose. Rose's piquant features, pink and white complexion and light brown hair, offered a contrast to the classic head and profile of the Spanish girl, with a mass of raven hair crowning the wide, white brow. A rose and a lily, somebody in the street thought, as he caught a glimpse of the two through the plants.

There was somebody in the street now, and that somebody was staring very hard at the rose. He stood for a moment on the opposite side, and then passed on.

Rose laid down her novel, and laughed.

"There he goes again, for the fourth time. I really begin to pity him."

And the rippling laugh rang out again. It was very sweet and musical, almost like the trill of a canary.

Inez raised her eyes from her embroidery, and shook her head gravely.

"You should not trifle with him, Rose. He is good and true-hearted, I think. He loves you, and I know you love him."

Inez spoke the words slowly, with her pretty hesitating, Spanish accent.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Rose, dimpling. "Love him indeed! Well, maybe I do—just a little."

"Mr Huxton has done much for your sake, Rose. He threw up his situation in the South, which, he tells me, was excellent, and accepted a clerkship in New York, only to be near you."

Rose pouted.

"I can't help his foolishness."

"If you had given him a decided answer—"

"Really, Inez," said Rose, with a shade of offence in her tone, "you seem to be perfectly an fait in his affairs.

"He confided a great deal to me last night, down in the drawing room, while you were singing that song from Lucia with Dr Bulstrode turning the leaves."

"And he was jealous of Bulstrode."

"I can not say; but he seemed troubled, and he never turned his eyes from you two. I did not wish Dr. Bulstrode to recognize me. I do not think he remembered that I was his former patient."

"Neil ought to know better," said Rose, with a complacent smile. "Bulstrode was surgeon on my uncle's ship. I've known him a long while, and besides, he falls in love with every woman he meets. Poor Neil! he called this morning, but I sent word I was engaged."

"Rose, suppose he should be made angry—desperately angry—by your treatment, and fall in love with some other girl."

"I'd just like to see him!" said Rose, flushing.

"You do like him, then."

"I did not say so."

"Will your uncle or aunt object to your marriage with him?"

"They object!" exclaimed Rose, with great disdain. "They'd prefer to face an eleven-gun battery!"

"Then say yes or no to the young gentleman the next opportunity you have."

"Bless you! he asks me every time he sees me. I suppose I'll have to say yes some time. He's as jealous as a Turk now, and what would he be if I gave him any encouragement? Dear me! if a girl can't flirt before she's married, when can she flirt?" demanded Rose, in an injured tone.

There was a short silence. Rose resumed her book, and Inez her embroidery.

"I cannot say what I mean in the way it should be said; but I remember the words of an English song I have heard." And Inez hummed—

"If thou hast a true, true love,
Lady, sweet lady,
Prize him well all things above,
Lady, sweet lady."

"Bother!" said Rose, jumping up. "There he is again. If I give him any encouragement, Inez, it will be only to oblige you, and not because I care for him; besides, I'm afraid he'll fight with that Bulstrode."

With the air of a martyr, Rose glided to the window, and raised the sash. An instant afterward, her gossamer-like handkerchief floated in the air. Burton darted madly across the street, and caught it before it touched the ground. Immediately, the sound of the door-bell pealed through the house.

"I go," said Rose, with the air of a queen of tragedy. "I go—to my doom. Is my hair all right, Inez?"

Inez rose and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Be your own womanly self, dear," she said.

These two had known each other scarcely two weeks, and yet they were already friends, confidantes, sisters in all but blood.

Rose was absent nearly an hour. She entered smoothing her hair and ruffles with both hands.

"Neil was so demonstrative," she exclaimed, blushing. "And I—I have said yes."

Then she fell upon Inez's shoulder, and laughed and cried alternately.

"He talked of shooting Bulstrode," she said, after these April showers had subsided, "and so I thought I'd say yes, to prevent a duel. He is to begin his new duties as a clerk to-morrow, and—but oh! I forgot! There's a gentleman down-stairs waiting for you."

"For me! My father—has he come?" asked Inez, with tremulous eagerness.

"No. It is Mr. Brierwood." And Rose sang mischievously—

"Hast thou a true, true love,
Lady, sweet lady,"

A rosy tint suffused Inez's cheeks.

"Come with me, Rose," she said, entreatingly. "In my country it is not the custom for young ladies to receive gentlemen."

"No, indeed," said Rose, tossing her head. "You were asked for. I will not thrust myself on the gentleman."

After some hesitation, Inez went down, while Rose, leaning over the baluster, sang softly—

"Hast thou a true, true love,
Prize him well all things above,
Lady, sweet lady."

* * * * *

Before proceeding further, it becomes necessary to go back some days to find the motive that led Felix Brierwood to make this particular visit to Mrs. Leslie's residence.

The paper that Fadette gave him in the cab had lain, unthought of, uncared for, in his vest-pocket for several days after the rescue of Inez from the Burleighs.

He happened to remember that he had promised Fadette to look over it. He thought of it one morning before going to breakfast, and pulled out the crumpled paper.

It was simply a leaf torn from a memorandum-book, and closely written in faint, indistinct chirography. Felix bent his head over the leaf, and with knit brow and firmly-closed lips, set to work to decipher it. This was no easy task to him. The words were French, and closely crowded together.

The chambermaid knocked at his door four times, and informed him that the breakfast-bell had rung an hour ago; but he was too deeply engrossed to hear.

The noon sunlight was pouring into his room, before he arose from his work, triumphant and with a strange new feeling of exultation.

This is what he had deciphered—

"Jan. 8, 1845. Calvert De Lancy married to Marie Desmoulins. Registered at —— Church, Barclay street.

"Feb. 17, 1846. Calvert De Lancy, son of Calvert and Marie De Lancy, born. Baptism registered in same place.

"May, 1846. Mother and child discarded. My plan has worked well. Took both to Jane Brierwood. May 21. Mrs. De Lancy died last night.

Dec. 5, 1854. Mrs. Brierwood tells me that the boy ran away last week. Her husband was intoxicated, and threatened to whip him. She seemed much concerned. He will turn up when I want him, if I ever do. There is nothing easier to find than an heir. Name, Felix Brierwood. Appearance, brown, straight hair. Wide, smooth forehead and dark-blue eyes. Resembles his father. All this may be useful. A. B."

The page was crossed with the announcement in blacker ink. "Jane Brierwood, widow, lives, as housekeeper, at Park Hotel." There was no date to this entry.

Felix Brierwood could draw but one inference from this leaf of Madame Burleigh's memorandum-book. He, the unknown street-boy, was the son of Calvert De Lancy! The thought gave him a feeling of pride and gladness. Not because he was the son of the distinguished General De Lancy, nor because the circumstance might bring him wealth or honor. Neither of these. He could now meet Señor de Vastro's pride with pride, and claim the haughty Spaniard's daughter, not as Felix Brierwood, the parvenu street-boy, but as Calvert De Lancy, the equal of any de Vastro! In his thoughts he did Señor de Vastro unconscious injustice; but he did not know him yet.

"Jane Brierwood lives, as housekeeper, at Park Hotel."

He was now in the Park Hotel—it was a small, quiet, unpretentious house, and the servants were not many. Which was Jane Brierwood. He had noticed only one who might be she. This was an elderly woman with white hair, who usually dressed in brown and wore a lace cap and spectacles. Several times he had caught her looking at him intently, and he had a vague sense of having seen her before. But of late his mind had been occupied with other things. Was this elderly woman in brown, Jane Brierwood, or was there another Park Hotel? Perhaps Jane Brierwood was dead, or perhaps she had removed from the city since Madame Burleigh's entry was made.

He went down stairs, and inquired for Jane Brierwood.

She was the housekeeper. The waiter rang a bell, and the white-haired woman in brown entered.

She looked into his face. Her eyelids fell, and her lips twitched convulsively. She laid a thin, wrinkled hand on his arm.

"I know what you want," she said. "I have known you from the first. Come with me."

She led him to the housekeeper's room, comfortably furnished, and set round with jars and hampers.

"Sit down," she said, looking the door.

"Now," she asked, when they were both seated, "what do you know?"

"I know," he answered boldly, "that I am the son of Calvert De Lancy."

"Calvert De Lancy is dead, I suppose you know it."

"I have heard it."

"And what do you want to know?"

"I will tell you," he said, attentively eyeing her immobile face, in which the twitching of the lips alone betrayed agitation. "I know that my mother was discarded. I know that you took care of her for a time, and afterward of me. I have a faint remembrance of you, and of running away from a drunken man one stormy night. I know now that the man was your husband. I want you to tell me all you know about my father and mother."

"Before I open my lips to tell you, you must name your authority."

"Madame Burleigh," said Felix, cautiously.

"So she has told all at last! She was as fearful of death as I am! It was her fault—all her fault!" cried Jane Brierwood, passionately. After a short pause she regained her ordinary composure. "I will tell you what I know as briefly as possible. In 1844, about November of that year, I think, your father, Lieutenant De Lancy, was in New York on leave of absence. About the same time, Marie Desmoulins, the daughter of a Breton farmer, came to this city from her native land, and obtained employment as child's nurse in a family which your father visited. Your father fell in love with her pretty face and gentle manners, and married her secretly. He was terribly afraid that his friends would hear of it. He loved his wife, but he was ashamed of his marriage for all that.

"I was then one of Marie's fellow-servants. She liked me, and confided in me. I myself intended to be married in a few weeks, so I sympathized with her. I was a witness to the marriage, as was Madame Burleigh. Madame Burleigh and her husband, with their two children, had come from France in the vessel with Marie, and she pretended to be the poor girl's friend. She was not pleased that De Lancy should marry Marie. She tried to dissuade the two from it. She did not succeed.

"Lieutenant De Lancy took his wife to a quiet boarding-house. The Burleighs who remained in New York some years previous to starting for South America, lodged in the same house. I married Brierwood, now dead, and left my place.

"Your father's leave of absence expired. He went away. Madame Burleigh had been making mischief, and your parents parted in anger. Madame Burleigh made the breach wider. She wrote false stories about your mother's present and former life to your father. She strung them together with devilish art, and he believed them. They maddened him.

"Not long after your birth, he sent your mother a letter, enclosing a check for a large amount. That letter killed her. In it Calvert De Lancy cast her and her son off, and called her by names that would have crushed any true woman's heart, coming, as these did, from her husband.

"Your mother came with you to me. I was her only friend. She died in my arms—of a broken heart."

Jane Brierwood paused. Felix turned his face away from her. His heart seemed bursting with sorrow and yearning for that dead mother whom he could not remember.

"I tried to take care of you for your mother's sake, and I did for a time until Brierwood took to drink. It was as much as I could do to save you from his ill-treatment. I was glad, yet sorry, when you ran away from us.

"Madame Burleigh—that woman could frighten me into anything—made me promise never to tell your real name. I called you Felix, after my dead brother. The check your mother gave me for you I cashed. Some of the money I spent for necessaries for you. The rest is safe—"

"We'll not talk of that," interrupted Felix. "Tell me. Did my father never inquire for me?"

"Yes. About ten years after your flight, he found me out in some way, and came for you. He was wofully changed. I knew his voice, but not his face. I could tell him nothing. You might be dead, I did not know. I mentioned, however, the name I had given you."

"What was Madame Burleigh's motive for her fiendish misrepresentation of my mother?" asked Felix, hoarsely.

"I could never discover or even surmise her motive."

Ralph De Lancy could have given a guess at it. The woman had cruelly wronged Marie De Lancy and her son, in order that they might be no obstacle to the estate's falling to Ralph, in case of Calvert's death.

"I will go to Madame Burleigh!" cried Felix. "I will force her to confess—"

Jane Brierwood uttered a startled exclamation.

"Go to Madame Burleigh! Do you not know that she is dead? She died of apoplexy almost a fortnight ago."

Felix was startled, too, by the suddenness of the news. "And this is the end," he said, thoughtfully.

"No, not the end," said Jane Brierwood, solemnly. "The evil she has done has not ended with her. Often, before you went away, I was tempted to speak to you, but I was afraid of her. Perhaps I should never have told you, had you not spoken first; but if it becomes necessary for me to swear to any of the facts I have stated, I will do so. It will relieve my conscience. They are ringing for me."

She unlocked the door. He rose to go.

"Wait," she said, suddenly. "I forgot something."

She approached the table, and took a paper from it. She opened it—the paper was a Herald—and scanned its columns until she found a particular paragraph. She marked it with a pencil.

"Take that Herald," she said, handing it to him. "The paragraph I have marked relates to you."

He read the marked paragraph. It was short.

"If this should happen to meet the eyes of Felix Brierwood, supposed at present to be about twenty-five years of age, the said Felix Brierwood will hear something to his advantage by addressing J. B. Farmston, 9 Beech Avenue, Moulton, Pa."

"Thanks," said Felix, putting the paper into his pocket.

"If you want me, you will find me here," said Jane Brierwood.

In a whirl of feverish excitement, Felix hurried away. He was really Calvert De Lancy! Now he could ask Inez de Vastro to be his wife without fearing the proud refusal of her father. Not a moment would he lose. He would make sure of her at once, and start for Moulton by the first evening train. With this intention, he visited Mrs. Leslie's house on the afternoon that Rose Darivage said yes to the ardent and persevering Huxton.

* * * * *

When Inez entered the drawing-room, Felix rushed forward and clasped both her hands.

"Congratulate me!" he cried. "Good news!"

She looked at his flushed face and listened to his raised voice in perplexity. He was not like his usual self at all.

"Has my father arrived?" she asked, timidly. "Or have you heard that my other brave champion, Mr. De Lancy, is still alive?"

"Neither."

Aubrey De Lancy's name jarred on his ear. She had mentioned it very often of late. He looked at her doubtfully, and then began his story, but with dampened ardor.

Inez did not manifest as much enthusiasm as he expected. It was not good news to her. Felix Brierwood was the name to her, no matter what his name might be. Of the two names, she certainly preferred his present one, because somehow or other it had become mingled with those rainbow-hued dreams that maidens dream at times.

"Your poor, poor mother!" she murmured, her eyes swimming in tears.

Tender words sprang to Felix's lips, but her next utterance froze them.

"But Rose says that old Mr. De Lancy is rich, and that his wealth came from his brother—your father. And he will have to give it up to you, will he not? I am sorry for that true hearted, gallant Aubrey! He will be poor now."

"I do not know—not if my father left a will in his favor."

Aubrey! She could think of Aubrey in the midst of his triumph!

"Good afternoon, Miss de Vastro."

"Good-bye, Mr. Brier—De Lancy." And she held out her hand.

"Fool!" he muttered, bitterly. "Fool! To throw my heart away to her, when hers is already given to another."

Before dusk had fallen, the train was carrying him toward Moulton.

CHAPTER XX.

CIRCE.

It was between nine and ten o'clock when Felix Brierwood reached Moulton. It was too late to call on J. B. Farmston; he, however, concluded to leave a card, on which he pencilled—"Will call to-morrow at ten."

He had no difficulty in finding Beech Avenue, and number nine was not far from the railroad station. It was the tallest house in the block, and the light from a street-lamp fell upon the huge brass plate, bearing the inscription—

"J. B. Farmston, Attorney at Law and Conveyancer."

He left his card, and then went in search of a hotel.

The next morning he called at Farmston's office, at the appointed time. Mr. Farmston occupied the ground-floor of the house as an office, and—he was an old bachelor—used the remainder as a dwelling for himself, his housekeeper, and one of his clerks.

Felix was informed by a clerk, that Mr. Farmston was not at the office. He had started for New York last night after receiving Mr. Brierwood's card. Mr. Brierwood was requested to call again late in the afternoon.

Felix promised to do so, and went away. He was in a wretched state of mind. Convinced that Inez loved his cousin, Aubrey De Lancy, he gave himself no peace. He tormented himself by imagining the happiness of both when Aubrey should return. He had never seen his cousin, but in his mind he drew a portrait of his rival which contrasted very advantageously with himself. "She could not but choose him in preference to me," he thought, bitterly. "But he shall not possess all. If it comes in my power to reduce him to beggary, I will do it! I will do it without remorse!"

Then he thought of Inez, of her beauty, her sweetness, and all she had endured, and his heart melted.

When a man meets with a great disappointment, idleness does not tend to mitigate it. With nothing to occupy him, except his half-savage, half-tender thoughts, Felix wandered aimlessly through the town and explored, with unseeing eyes, a part of the surrounding country.

It was late in the evening when Felix for the third time presented himself at number nine, Beech Avenue. He was ushered up-stairs into a comfortably-furnished sitting room.

An old gentleman, attired in spotless black, with a pair of twinkling blue eyes and a very pink face, was seated at a small table—a table which seemed equally divided between business and pleasure. Fruit, wine-glasses and decanters were oddly mixed up with bundles of red-taped papers. In front of the old gentleman lay an open paper, from which his attention only wandered while he complacently sipped the sherry in his glass.

He rose as Felix entered, and shook hands cordially.

"Good evening—good-evening," he said in a rattling sort of way. "How do you like our town? Make yourself comfortable. Draw that arm-chair nearer the fireplace. I'm an old fogy, you see—like a blazing fire. Have some sherry? No. A pity! Shall I ring for anything?"

"Nothing. Thanks. You are Mr. Farmston."

"Bless me! Yes. Forgot to introduce myself. Just come home, you see—home, sweet home—ha! ha! Sorry you won't help me with my dessert."

"I am Calvert De Lancy."

"Ah, yes, alias Felix Brierwood. I know all about you." And the lawyer chuckled. "I took the liberty of rushing off to New York on your account. Never travelled so fast in my life. The old man—beg pardon—your father, left me a memorandum, containing a minute account of everything relating to your mother and you. There wasn't much in it, after all, but it mentioned this Jane Brierwood, and so when I got your card last night, I went to New York to investigate your claims in double quick time."

"Have you satisfied yourself—"

"Yes, yes," briskly interrupted Farmston. "Yes. I am sure that you are the son of Calvert De Lancy. Bless me! your face would tell me that. Can't imagine why the general chose me as an instrument to do justice to his lost son—without he distrusted Brosson or Ralph De Lancy. Brosson, up further in the avenue, has always been the De Lancy solicitor, you know. You needn't expect that your uncle will give up everything without a struggle."

"Give up everything? I don't understand."

"I'll make you understand in a minute. Your Uncle Ralph is in possession of the De Lancy property for life. Aubrey succeeds him, on condition that he—Aubrey—marries the daughter of the late Ferdinand Verne, an old friend and schoolmate of your father's. Don't interrupt me, if you please. If Aubrey doesn't marry the young lady, Miss Mildred, he will take only half the property; the other half is to go to an institution for improving the breed of cavalry horses. But there is another and much later will. You can read it for yourself."

Farmston took a document from the pile on the table, and handed it to Felix. The latter opened the paper, and looked at the long array of clerkly letters and legal phrases.

"I am unused to the technical phraseology of the law," he said, "and I confess this puzzles me somewhat. You would oblige me greatly, Mr. Farmston, by giving me the substance of it in plain language."

Farmston raised his eyebrows and held his wine-glass up to the light.

"You are sole heir," he said.

Felix manifested no unusual emotion. He rested his head on his hand in silence.

"What is the property worth?"

"Giving a rough estimate, I should say half a million—not less."

Felix clutched the will nervously. The fortune of his rival was in his hands. "He will have her. Why should I pity him?" he asked. And then he thought of almost the last words of Inez—"I am sorry for that true-hearted, gallant Aubrey."

Thinking the silence had lasted long enough, Farmston struck in with—

"Saw my advertisement, I suppose?"

"In the 'Herald.'"

"I have had it in since your father's death, and expected to have it in for two years. If you didn't turn up in that time, the arrangements of the old will were to be carried out. How is it you didn't see the advertisement sooner?"

"I have been away for the last ten months—down in South America," Felix answered, briefly; and opening the will again, he applied himself to the task of reading it.

The lawyer had spoken truly. He, Calvert De Lancy, was the sole heir. Here was some compensation for the loss of Inez, he thought, with a momentary feeling of exultation. In his hands were the means of revenging himself on his rival for the loss of her; but Aubrey De Lancy had risked his own life to save hers—her life, which he, the heir, held dearer than aught else on earth.

Could he forego his vengeance? Could he make a vast sacrifice for her sake, to prove to himself that he loved her above all other earthly things?

He rested his head on his hands again. "I am sorry for that true-hearted, gallant Aubrey." The low-toned, pitying words floated through his mind.

He rose quickly. In another instant the will lay on the grate, and Felix Brierwood was heaping red coals upon it with the poker.

"Is the man mad?" cried Farmston, starting from his seat, and catching at the table, as he hurled it from him in his haste.

He was too late to save the will. Felix paid no attention to his impassioned entreaties, but with a steady hand continued to heap coals on the already half-destroyed document.

He clutched Felix's arm, and strove to drag him from his position before the grate. Felix resisted his attempt until the will had become a shrivelled mass, only waiting a touch to dissolve into ashes.

"Are you a fool? Are you a lunatic?" Farmston almost screamed in the height of his excitement, peering helplessly into the grate. "On my honor, I never saw anything like it! At any rate, young man, you appear to have sense sufficient to know that you're not fit to be entrusted with property."

The lawyer turned to Felix in mingled astonishment and contempt.

"I do not think it necessary to give you any explanation," said Felix, with a coolness that startled Farmston. "You may call me insane if you please."

"By Jove, young man, I don't believe you've any idea of the mischief you've done yourself. Are you aware that you've alienated from yourself one of the most valuable properties in the county? Do you know—"

"I know well what consequences my act will entail. I have injured nobody but myself. May I ask whether the contents of the burnt will were known to any besides yourself and my father?"

"To no one. He made me promise not to reveal its existence until you should be found. By Jove!" burst forth the irate lawyer, "I knew you were your father's son by your face, and now I know it from your confounded foolishness. It's my opinion he was as mad as you are."

Felix paid no attention to this outburst.

"As the will no longer exists, there will be no cause to mention that it ever existed," he said. "And with the will, perishes Calvert De Lancy. All the good I have done in the world, has been done under the name I now bear. I will not doff it as if I were ashamed of it."

"But your friends, your—" began Farmston, aghast.

"Friends!" exclaimed Felix, scornfully. "I have very few friends, and they are friends of Felix Brierwood, not of Calvert De Lancy. If my name made any difference, they would be unworthy—but this is nonsense. Calvert De Lancy is no more."

"As you please," said the lawyer coldly. "Your secret is safe with me."

"Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night." And the lawyer bowed stiffly, and called his servant to show Calvert out.

"A stranger proceeding I never saw!" muttered Farmston, shaking his head more in sorrow than in anger, as he returned to his dessert. He had calculated that under the new heir's regime he would have the control over the De Lancy affairs which that fellow, Brosson, farther down the avenue, was now enjoying. "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," he sighed. "But this was such a queer slip! I defy anybody to find a precedent for it! I do indeed, on my honor!"

The burning of the will gave Felix Brierwood no feeling of complacency. He was not yet certain that he had not done a rash and foolish thing; but he was now certain that he loved Inez de Vastro better than the goods of the world; and, what was more, though he could never hope to win her, better than himself. For had he not made his rival rich, and given up his bitter thoughts against him for her sake?

This last thought gave him pleasure. To-morrow, he would return to work, and forget Inez de Vastro. He had been living too long in a bright imaginary world that had suddenly given place to cold reality. He had lived and loved. Henceforth, he would work.

As he entered the railroad station the following morning, to start for New York, a black-robed lady stepped from a car to the platform. Her appearance struck him. He had not been able to see her face plainly, yet she seemed like some one he had known.

As the cars left the depot, he looked back. The young lady in mourning stood still, and gazed after the departing train.

Felix knew her now. The young lady in mourning was Laura Burleigh!

"Mademoiselle de Val-Vert!" said a voice behind her. The voice proceeded from Ralph De Lancy, who had also come in the train from New York. He was immersed in business at present.

"Oh, Mr. De Lancy, how you startled me!" she exclaimed, smiling, blushing, and holding out her hand. "This reminds me of our first meeting. How kind you were!" And the tears came into her eyes. She raised her handkerchief and turned away.

"I think I only offered you my arm," he said, dryly. He was not so susceptible as he had been on board the Gloria. He had seen several beautiful women since then, and among them Mildred Verne. Looking at the woman beside him, he involuntarily compared her with his son's promised wife, and felt the difference between the false and the true.

"You were so kind, Mr. De Lancy—so very kind at that terrible moment, when, but for you, I should have swooned."

Ralph De Lancy felt that he had been rather foolish on the Gloria, and his thin cheeks colored slightly.

"I have longed so ardently to explain the cause of our sudden departure from the Gloria. It is a painful topic, but, oh, I cannot bear the thought that you—above all others—should misconstrue our motive."

"That you had good reasons for the proceeding is quite sufficient for me," he answered, with cold politeness. "Shall I call a boy to carry your travelling bag?"

"No, thank you. It is very light." She had noticed the change in his manner, and determined to conquer him again. A boy, walking along with them, would certainly be de trop.

The two walked from the depot in silence. De Lancy was casting about in his mind for something to say when his companion saved him the trouble.

"You have changed," she said, looking sadly up into his face, and then, drooping her eyelids, turning so as to display her perfect profile to best advantage, "but never mind that. I have changed, too, but not in heart. I am," she faltered, "no longer rich. My brother—speculations—ignorance. The tale is that of many, but too painful for me to tell. If you could but assist me to obtain a position as a governess or something similar."

He was all sympathy at once. Her imploring, upturned face, and the light hand resting unconsciously upon his arm were not without effect. Still he shook his head dubiously.

"Moulton is full of teachers. There's a school in almost every block. You would have a better chance of obtaining what you want by remaining in New York. You should not have chosen this small place—"

"I thought I had one friend here," she murmured, halting, and offering her hand with a sigh, "and he was the only friend I had in a strange country. Good-day, Mr. De Lancy. I see you cannot help me."

"Stay! Wait!" he cried. He might have spared his breath, for she had no intention of going. All his chivalrous feeling was excited by her helplessness, and he was flattered by her allusion to him as her one friend. He would probably have proposed on the spot, but he had happened to overhear a few comments made by the passengers of the Gloria, and they had impressed him with an uneasy fear of "making a fool of himself."

"One moment. I have forgotten something," he said. She returned to his side, and they walked together along the street.

"I can assist you, perhaps. A friend of mine, Mrs. Martyn Verne, who lives about two miles up the river, spoke to me the other day about a companion for her stepdaughter. If such a position would suit you, I think my recommendation may be sufficient to obtain it for you."

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" she said, with a relieved sigh, smiling through her tears. If they had not been in the street at that moment, Laura Burleigh would have certainly been asked to become Mrs. Le Lancy.

"I will see Mrs. Verne to-day, and call to-morrow with her answer."

"You will find me at the Banton House. I telegraphed yesterday for a room which I hope I may not have to occupy long. If you only knew what a load you have lifted from my heart!"

He walked with her to the Banton House. When he left her, he felt that for her sake he would willingly overcome as many obstacles as did any knight of yore for his enchanted princess.

Mademoiselle Val-Vert, alias Burleigh, stood in the portal of the hotel, and watched her admirer. A scornful smile carved her red lips.

"I will be Mrs. Ralph De Lancy before the beginning of another year!" she thought.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 30.)

CIVILITY AND SUCCESS.

It is true that it costs some men a much greater effort to be polite than others. It was said with bitter spleen of an English statesman, "Canning can never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a time." It is true, too, that there are times in every man's life when to be even coldly courteous makes an exhausting draught on one's patience; but silently to devour the many chagrins of life, and to maintain a respectful bearing toward others, even under vexation and trial, is not only a Christian duty, but worldly policy. Dr. Valentine Mott said wisely to a graduating class: "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults and a small one to hold the fees." Hundreds of men have owed their start in life wholly to their winning address. "Thank you, my dear," said Lundy Foote to a little beggar girl who bought a penny-worth of snuff. "Thank you, my dear, please call again," made Lundy Foote a millionaire.

Some years ago a dry-goods salesman in a London shop had such a reputation for courtesy and exhaustless patience, that it was said to be impossible to provoke from him any expression of irritability or the smallest symptom of vexation. A lady of rank, hearing of his wonderful equanimity, determined to put it to a test by all the annoyances with which a veteran show visitor knows how to tease a shopman. She failed in the attempt, and thereupon set him up in business. He rose to eminence in the haberdashery trade, and the mainspring of his later as of his early career, was politeness. It is related of the late Mr. Butler, of Providence, R. I., that he was so obliging as to re-open his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread which she wanted. The incident took wind, brought him a large run of custom, and he died a millionaire, after subscribing $40 000 toward founding a hospital for the insane—a sum which he was persuaded to give by Miss Dix, whom he was too polite to shake off, though almost as penurious as he was persevering.

CONDENSED.—Here is a good story that Rev. Dr. Adams tells of himself. A lady parishioner once remarked to him that his sermons were a little too long.

"Don't you think so, Dr. Adams," said she, "just a little?"

"Ah, good sister," said he, "I am afraid you don't like 'the sincere milk of the word.'"

"Yes I do," said she, "but you know the fashion nowadays is condensed milk."

A WOMAN'S WAY.

"Rich and handsome—it is scarcely necessary to take the trouble to be reasonable; the very phrase 'wilful ward' has something stereotyped in it, as if the perversity were inevitable. Heigho! Miss Hamilton, you and I begin to weary of our vocation."

"Pray, sir, don't include me," said I, laughing; "a very humble companion may not express herself with the freedom of an honored guardian."

"There, Margaret, don't be a fool!" broke in the heiress, impatiently, and coloring with increased vexation as she noticed Colonel Vaughan's almost imperceptible shrug and expressive change of countenance. "You are quite free now, as always, to say what you think—I wish you, I entreat you to say what you think. Do I deserve to be twitted with perversity because I won't marry the first man that asks me—and such a man! Colonel Vaughan's weariness of his trust blinds him to my real interests."

Colonel Vaughan stroked his beard deliberately—it was a magnificent one; the action I had observed was a safety-valve for suppressed irritation.

"Let us confine ourselves to the truth, Kate," he said. "I am not weary of my trust, but I confess that I am sorely oppressed and harassed by it. It was none of my seeking; and it is in vain to protest against a dead man's despotism. But it is at least difficult to act well the part of guardian toward a resolute girl, whose majority, for our mutual discipline, has been postponed till she is three-and-twenty, and of whose future position as her father's probable heiress we are all kept in painful uncertainty until that period has arrived. I may surely be forgiven some anxiety to surrender my authority into a husband's hands. How old are you now?"

"Three months short of the specified majority."

"Well," he rejoined, in an accent of consternation, "you must hear reason! In the last six months you have had as many bonâ fide offers; and yet in your petulance you call this the first! Did I urge you to accept any of your other suitors whom you whistled so lightly down the wind? But now, when I see a man of sense and honor smitten to the core of his honest heart by your fair looks and saucy tongue, I own I am anxious to open your eyes to his worth. Am I to understand, Kate, that you are determined to reject Mr. Warren?"

"I am quite determined," she said, coolly. "I love hard riding after hounds; and Mr. Warren not only detests the sport, but objects to my taste for it as thoroughly unwomanly. I love society, expensive trifles, fine equipages, brilliant accessories of all kinds—dress included. Mr. Warren tells me he prefers his own fireside to any other spot on earth, and thinks a woman is never so well-dressed as when she wears a black silk gown. But my objections go farther. When my tired hunter was in the stable—for I should hunt in spite of Mr. Warren—and I had put on my black gown, I might sit down to the piano—I can play, you know, Colonel Vaughan—but in ten minutes I should find 'my lord' asleep. Read him some of Tennyson's verses, or Ruskin's rhapsodies, and he will tell you it is penny-a-lining! Unwomanly as I am, I object to be mated with a well-intentioned clown."

"Ah! A fast young lady who rides to hounds, and yet can interpret Beethoven—a coquette who spends half her income in making herself conspicuous, and yet understands In Memoriam and cries over the Idylls—is a problem hard to solve and a creature difficult to mate? I will say good-morning, Miss Carrington, and give poor Warren his dismissal."

"Wait a while, sir," she said, with a mixture of anger and dignity, "and explain to me before you go why you never address me but in this tone of insulting banter. Is it part of your supposed duty as my guardian? Yet more, is it from a deliberate intention to punish and humiliate me, that you seriously propose to me as a suitable husband such a man as Mr. Warren?"

Colonel Vaughan looked astounded at this unexpected and emotional appeal.

"I beg your pardon, Kate, if I have unintentionally hurt your feelings."

Kate made a movement of impatience.

"If," he added, "I had addressed you more seriously, I must have adopted a tone of grave reproof and expostulation, which I fear would be less acceptable still. As regards Mr. Warren, you must consider that I do not view him in the same light as you do. I know him to be a man of excellent character and temper, and have never observed him to be below the usual intellectual average of his fellows—to be sure it has never occurred to me to apply the Tennysonian or Beethoven test. And then I have another excuse to plead. I am inexpressibly anxious to see you happily married."

Kate turned sharply from him, and began to pace leisurely up and down the apartment. Colonel Vaughan, who had taken up his hat to depart, paused and watched her with an expression of severe disapprobation.

As she paced the room from end to end, Kate Carrington's tall, supple figure was seen to the fullest advantage, and in every line and inflection showed perfect symmetry and grace. Her face was olive-tinted, but with charming contour, with features clearly cut, though not of classical precision; her eyes were gray and animated, her mouth was flexible and expressive. But the crown of the heiress's beauty was her magnificent brown hair, which she wore combed back from her forehead, and falling in rippling masses to her waist. The effect of this last was too striking to be approved by a refined or fastidious mind; and, as the girl's morning-dress was of flame-colored silk, fastened about the waist with a girdle embroidered in many colors, it was small wonder that a man like Colonel Vaughan, with somewhat severe notions of female decorum, and who stood in the onerous relation of guardian to this brilliant creature, should have surveyed her with more pain than pleasure.

"Kate," he said, presently, and with an earnestness that contrasted strongly with his former tone, "I wish I had a brother's right to win you to a change in many important particulars. My sister tells me that you are going to Paris for the Christmas holidays. I wish you would stay at home."

"Because," said Kate, "your sister infuses into your mind the most intolerable suspicions. You mean that you are afraid that I do not know how to take care of myself, and shall bring disgrace sooner or later upon myself and you. I repudiate your anxiety as an intolerable insult; I am going under the care of a lady whom you yourself placed with me"—and she made a haughty movement in my direction—"and to the house of another who is known and visited by our own ambassadress, and, for the rest, I shall enjoy myself in my own way. Certainly I shall not order my behavior within the narrow range of Charlotte Vaughan's bigotry and envy, nor reduce it to the characterless docility which Colonel Vaughan admires."

"Say what you will in my despite, Kate, but do not traduce my sister."

Kate shrugged her shoulders carelessly.

"How Charlotte manages to persuade a man of the world like you that she is an angel passes my comprehension. But don't let us quarrel," and she held out her hand to him with the air of a princess. "I see, having fulfilled your commission, you are anxious to be gone. We won't detain him, Margaret, unless he will stay and lunch with us, and hand us to our carriage afterward."

"Not to-day, Kate, thank you."

He had taken the outstretched hand, and seemed for a moment to contemplate its beauty, afterward dropping it carelessly. At least I thought so—and I was wont to watch all his movements with a keenness of observation which allowed nothing to escape.

He shook hands with me with that careful courtesy which always marked his relations with myself, and said, in a tone half comic, half earnest—

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Hamilton, if you have any interest with our heiress—which I have not—don't let her take a flying visit to Paris! She will drive the town demented!"

When he was gone, Kate drew a long breath of relief, and sat down by me.

"It is very hard, Margaret," she said, "to be misunderstood." Her voice was so soft, her expression so changed and womanly, that I wished her guardian could have seen her then. "I know," she continued, "that it is vain for me to say anything to you against the perfection of Colonel Vaughan, but I confess myself blind to that perfection."

"You know," I returned, smiling, "he has been my benefactor in no common meaning of the term, and again has found me, in yourself, another friend almost as generous as himself. But we see him from different points of view. To me he is simply superior, to you equal and guardian."

"Own that he is intolerable in the latter capacity."

"Then it is because you show him the worst side of yourself; you try his patience by your determined antagonism, and yet expect him to flatter your faults and do you homage like the rest of the world. I often think, Kate, what a noble creature you might have been had you been obliged to work for your living."

In fact, wealth almost unlimited, added to her rare gifts of mind and person, had exposed Kate Carrington for many years to such social worship and distinction as might well have turned older and wiser heads. That she could do no wrong, whatever extravagances she adopted, had been practically taught her ever since her father's death, six years before, had made her her own mistress.

Mr. Carrington's will had been a most eccentric one. It allowed an extravagant provision for her maintenance till she was of age, fixing her majority at three-and-twenty, when she was to inherit the bulk of his immense fortune on certain conditions, contained in a sealed packet delivered into the hands of the family lawyer, and which was to remain inviolate till the appointed date. What was the nature of the conditions neither herself nor those most nearly connected with the family had the slightest knowledge. Conjecture itself was at fault on the subject. The property meanwhile was to be invested by two trustees, according to certain complex arrangements, which gave a vast amount of trouble to the gentlemen officiating, who were also joint guardians over the heiress.

One of these, an elderly man, who had been a life-long friend of Mr. Carrington's, died soon after that gentleman, leaving Colonel Vaughan to bear the full weight of the undivided responsibility. Colonel Vaughan, who was himself almost in his first youth, and whose relations with the family had never been very close until within the last few months of the old merchant's life, always said he could never understand the motive which had induced him to make choice of himself in such a capacity; and, if he had consulted his own feelings, he would certainly have thrown the estate into Chancery on the death of his co-trustee, had not the will anticipated, and earnestly deprecated, such a proceeding.

Four of the six years of Kate's minority had been passed by the colonel in active and distinguished military service abroad, so that their relations had not been at all intimate. All that had lain in his power, or that he had deemed it his duty to do for her, had been executed with a rigid conscientiousness very burdensome to himself; and, in order to atone for his inevitable absence, he associated his only sister in the actual guardianship, and she kept him strictly informed of the young lady's proceedings.

Between the two no cordiality subsisted; Miss Vaughan was many years older than her brother, and of a severe, overbearing temper, with small indulgence for the faults of a girl in Kate's position, and the latter, high-spirited and resolute herself, resented all attempts at authority or dictation.

* * * * *

We went to Paris in due course, and for the first six weeks our life was one continual round of gayety. Kate was admired and flattered to the top of her bent; and, to my sorrowful surprise, she never seemed weary of either the admiration or the flattery. Our good-natured ambassadress had introduced her to the top stratum of Anglo-Parisian society, so that there was no question of the respectability or even the distinction of our position; but to me it was a most wearisome one.

I liked music fairly, but Kate was a fanatic about it, and would hear, unwearied and rapturously, the same opera three times in the week. Dancing, too, was a perfect passion with her. True, in her case, it was the very poetry of motion; but, as I sat, in my character of chaperon, looking on hour after hour till daylight entered broadly through the curtained windows of the ball-room, I may be forgiven for confessing to weariness.

It was not that I felt painfully the difference between her, the ruling object of attention and homage, and myself, the unnoticed satellite, but that Kate, by this life of pleasure, belied her better nature, and was acting in deliberate defiance of the opinions and wishes of her best friends. I felt nearly sure that Colonel Vaughan was kept thoroughly acquainted with all our movements, for one of the ladies in our circle was a friend of Miss Vaughan's, and maintained a close correspondence with that lady.

Once or twice I tried to expostulate with my young mistress, but she would not hear it.

"Who knows," she said, "what bitter pill my father's will may have in store for me? A few months more and my freedom may be gone. I will be happy while I can."

"Then this gay life is your idea of happiness?" I asked.

"Of course it is! Ask Charlotte Vaughan and her brother if I have thought or capacity beyond it!"

"I know to the contrary, Kate. Why take such unceasing pains to confirm their false estimate?"

"It is not altogether false; I do love pleasure and praise to an intense degree—only I could love better things more had the chance been given me. Margaret, I will stay at home to-night on one condition—that you tell me from the beginning all about your acquaintance with Colonel Vaughan."

"My dear Kate, I have told you over and over again how good he was to me when I was a child at school, paying for my education after my dear father's death—nay, even—"

"You have never told me the details—when you saw him first—how close your intimacy was—how often he came to see you. You seem such good friends, so perfectly to understand each other, that I want to know precisely how it all came about."

I hesitated. It was very true I had never entered into such minutiæ as she required, and for a reason best looked within my own heart; but I determined at this time to indulge her at whatever cost to myself.

I read in her face a yearning restlessness of feeling which confirmed a hope—a fear, shall I be fool enough to say?—which had often occurred to me before. Bound to consult her interests, what better aim could I have than to deepen a sentiment which might secure the happiness of her life?

"Do you mean," I said, "that you will spend a quiet evening at home, and refuse yourself to all, if I tell you the story of my early troubles?"

"I have a bad headache," was her answer, "and look too jaded for a successful appearance upon any stage, so that I pledge my word decisively—in proof of which I will not dress, and we will have a quiet cutlet and glass of Madeira in my own room."

We did so. Then Kate thought it chilly, probably dull, and ordered some fresh logs to be piled upon the fire of English coal.

She drew a fantastic cushioned chair close to the replenished fire, arranged her charming dress becomingly about her, crossed her dainty feet upon the fender, and trifled with the masses of her splendid hair.

"Now for your story, Margaret," she said, with her eyes fixed somewhat coolly and critically upon my face.

Somehow my heart beat and color rose with an unusual emotion almost akin to indignation. I fancied that both in manner and expression there was an almost insulting parade of her gifts of person and of fortune. I, in my low chair, with my embroidery in my hand, destined for her own use, with my quiet dress and quiet face, might well appear as a sort of foil to the brilliant heiress. Why—was the passing bitter thought—are the gifts of Heaven so unequally distributed?

"I have scarcely any story to tell," I said, impatiently; "or at least I have told it you often before. I was my father's only child, and I never remember my mother. He was a teacher of drawing, nothing more; I don't think he ever called himself or thought of himself as an artist."

"But he sent you to a high-class school, Margaret?"

"He did, at a cost to his own comfort that I never knew or guessed, and with the view that I might earn my living as a governess. For some years my school-bills were punctually paid. I used to remain at school during the holidays, my father always writing to say that he was obliged to travel about the country in the vacations to take sketches, and could not have me at home. So, in point of fact, we rarely met, and scarcely knew each other. I learned afterward the true reason—the motive was one of heroic self-denial and concealment. Kate," I exclaimed, interrupting myself, passionately, "you have no right to force these details from me!"

She looked surprised at this unexpected ebullition, not knowing the feelings that had been working in my mind; then rose and kissed me affectionately, and stroked my heated cheek.

"Not another word, dear Margaret, if it is painful to you. I only wanted to know how you and Colonel Vaughan first met."

"Thus. He came to the school to visit some girl there whose parents were in India, and who had engaged him to send them occasional news of her welfare. I suppose he was always prone to kindly acts. Owing to some mistake, he was shown into a little parlor, where I sat crying, with, as I thought, a broken heart. For the last eighteen months my school-bills had been unpaid; both my mistress and myself had repeatedly written to my father on the subject, and he had replied with promises of immediate payment. He not only failed to fulfil his engagement, but after a time our letters remained unanswered, and were finally returned to us with the official 'Not known' written across the covers. The agony of apprehension and despair which this occasioned me, Kate, you can scarcely conceive. My condition was one of utter beggary and dependence; but this was as nothing compared to the frantic desire to find my father and unravel the mystery of his disappearance. The lady who was at the head of the establishment was not more worldly or unkind than hundreds of others would have been in the same position. Of course she solved the mystery easily by the one word 'swindler,' and told me bitterly that it was only charity that withheld her from turning me out of doors. 'You are not fifteen, and can hardly earn your bread,' she said, 'as teacher among the youngest children; I will, however, allow you to remain for a few weeks while I make inquiries of your friends as to your final destination, and with regard to the settlement of my account.'

"Kate, I had not a friend in the world; and even the tie between my father and me had never been a close one. No means of discovering his whereabouts occurred to my ignorant, childish mind. I felt that I was abandoned to ruin, and my misery was intolerable.

"It was at this crisis of my fate that I first saw Colonel Vaughan. I don't know how it could have happened that he was shown into the room where I was, but I distinctly remember the fright I experienced at the contretemps. The sight of this handsome bearded gentleman changed my sobs and tears to stupefaction.

"I had a confused idea that he was in some way come to execute judgment on me. I suppose I must have gazed upon him in some extraordinary manner, and have looked the picture of misery, for he uttered an exclamation of pity and interest, and came and sat down near me. I was very small for my age, and looked still more the child than I really was. He took my hand in his, and drew me toward him. I don't remember what he said, but his tone and manner won my confidence at once, and I told him all my story. He listened very quietly, only asking me a question now and then, to throw light on my confused narrative.

"'Ah,' he said, at the end, 'I dare say we can put matters straight. We will try to find your father, little one, and I have hopes we shall succeed.'

"He wrote down in his pocket-book the last address which my father had given me, and shook hands with me just at the moment Mrs. Lawson entered the room to do honor to her distinguished visitor. As I hurried past her, I heard Col. Vaughan say, 'I have some acquaintance with this young lady, and think I can explain matters to your satisfaction.'

"What more passed I do not know, but a few days afterward I received a visit from Miss Vaughan. She told me that my school-bills were paid to the satisfaction of my mistress, and that it was her intention to take upon herself the charges of my education till I was of a suitable age to go out into the world as a governess. Of course I knew it was to the colonel that I owed this wondrous charity, but I did not dare to say so—the arrangement was exquisitely kind and considerate. She also told me that every means had been tried to discover my father, but in vain. I never saw or heard of him again. Colonel Vaughan, whose kindness in this matter was beyond praise, conducted the investigation himself, and with unremitting patience and ingenuity followed up the traces which he discovered. He always inclined to the belief that my father was among the victims of a frightful railway accident that occurred about the time when he ceased to reply to our letters, and when I knew he was engaged in travelling about the country. That is all, Kate."

"Not quite all," she said. "How often did you see Colonel Vaughan while at school?"

"Not more than half a dozen times. I remained there as teacher till I was one-and-twenty; then Miss Vaughan got me a situation as governess, which I filled three years—and then, dear Kate, I came to you."

"And during these later years he was in India," she remarked, musingly.

"I think so," I answered; "at least, I never saw him."

"And this is all, Margaret—quite all—there are no suppressions?"

"None," returned I, smiling. "Since then, whenever I have seen Col. Vaughan, you have been present."

The color deepened on her cheeks.

"You are very forbearing, Margaret; you do not taunt me with my interest in this subject—my most transparent interest." Then, sinking her voice almost to a whisper, she added, "Margaret, is there any hope for me? Do you think he loves you?"

"Me!" cried I, smiling a little sadly. "Why, Kate, you must be making fun of me to suppose that I could be your rival. May I say that I have guessed your secret long ago, and that it seems to me impossible that Colonel Vaughan can do otherwise than love you, if you will let him? But how can he ever divine the motive that influences your perpetual contradiction of all his wishes and opinions?"

She lifted up her face, which was flushed and animated.

"What shall I do then?" she asked, with a return to her accustomed vivacity. "Tell him I am dying of love for him? Somehow, Margaret, I think the denouement must be near. Six weeks hence I shall be of age, and my father's will will be read. There is some occult arrangement there that will bring matters to a climax."

"And have you no suspicion what it is?"

"Not the slightest," she replied, "except that I have always thought it probable that it pledges me to marry some one, and that if I do not do so I shall lose part of my fortune. I will marry no man on earth save one! Surely he cannot fail to understand my refusal."

Then she sat down on the cushion at my feet, and took my hand in hers.

"I have loved Colonel Vaughan," she said, "ever since I was a child, and he used to visit my father in his last illness. My father, a stern, singular man, had an almost passionate regard for him. I believe he was indebted to him for some great service in past years, but I could never ascertain the nature of it. He used to keep him by his bedside for hours, and, though he would never suffer a clergyman to come near him, I knew he sometimes lent a not unwilling ear to the prayers and Bible-reading of his military friend. I used to creep sometimes to the door of an inner room and try to listen to what passed between them, being unconsciously much impressed by the combination of self-denial and devotion with the youth and social position of our hero. He never exhorts me, Margaret."

"Perhaps he thinks you too spoiled by praise to endure censure."

"Ah, he would find me strangely humble," she said, "if he would only drop the keen, sarcastic tone he never uses to any one but to me, and reprove and advise and beseech me with the earnestness of one who loved me. Why, Margaret, I could be equal to any sacrifice for his sake. I could go out with him as a missionary to Otaheite!"

"And when you next meet him, Kate," I returned, smiling, "you will—what shall I say?—insult him!"

"Well, well, Margaret, there is no chance of meeting him or giving him offence in Paris. We will stay where we are, dear friend, for the present, and then go back to the old house together, and meet our fate."

* * * * *

We went home about eight-and-forty hours before the period fixed for the reading of the will. The servants had received ample notice of our arrival, and had done their best to prepare and warm up the desolate old house for our reception; but a large family mansion, meant for numbers and hospitality, is a dreary dwelling for two solitary women, especially when situated on the outskirts of a comatose country town.

"We are so glad to see you home, ma'am," said the housekeeper, curtseying and smiling; "the place will seem alive now. The colonel called this morning with Miss Vaughan to see that all was in fit order for your return, and left word that he would wait again upon you to-morrow."

"Then, Margaret," whispered Kate, "we will go to bed to kill time!"

But, instead of that, we sat up half the night over her dressing-room fire, conjecturing as to the terms of the will and the final upshot of affairs.

I was sitting in the breakfast-room the next morning, sipping a solitary cup of coffee—for Kate generally breakfasted in her own room—when Colonel Vaughan was announced. I was utterly disconcerted by this early visit, and rose immediately with the intention of warning Kate to hurry down-stairs.

"Don't disturb our heiress, Miss Hamilton, but indulge me with a cup of coffee and a few minutes' conversation. It was in the hope of securing this that I came so early. I knew Kate did not begin her day so soon."

I sat down, confused at my position, and crying shame upon my weak heart that I felt confusion. In spite of all I could do, the hand that held the coffee-pot trembled. I cast a frightened glance toward my companion, to see if he was watching me, but, to my infinite relief, he had drawn a chair toward the fire, and was gazing moodily into it.

"Margaret," he said, "have you and Kate had much talk about this will?"

My heart leaped up as he pronounced my name. Did he know that he had spoken it? Years ago, as a child, he had often called me by it; but in Miss Carrington's presence—and it was only in her presence that I saw him—I was always Miss Hamilton.

"A great deal of talk," I replied; "and, as the time draws near, conjecture becomes oppressive. I am thankful that to-morrow will end our suspense."

"Do you think—pardon my persistence, Margaret—do you think Kate has any idea of the terms of the will?"

He turned as he spoke, and looked straight into my face, and I perceived for the first time how pale and careworn he appeared. I grew a shade paler with vague apprehension.

"I think she has an impression that some of the conditions will relate to her marriage. We shall all be better," I added, trying to smile, "when we know the exact truth, and are released from the torment of uncertainty."

"That remains to be proved," he said, smiling a little bitterly; then, after a pause, "Can I have half-an-hour's conversation with you, Miss Hamilton, without interruption, and will you pardon me if I seem to press a few questions very closely?"

Now my ordeal was at hand. He was about to sound my knowledge of the heart of his capricious ward, that he might be better prepared for decision and action on the morrow. Well, if I could help forward the happiness of both, I would do it with all the skill at my command.

I told him we were safe from interruption, and that I was prepared to satisfy him on any point within my knowledge on which he desired information.

"As regards Miss Carrington," I added, "I shall only be too glad to bear my grateful testimony to the sweet, noble, womanly qualities which she chooses to hide from strangers by the affectation of capricious self-will."

"I am scarcely a stranger," he rejoined; "and surely affectation was never so determined and consistent. May I ask—in my capacity of guardian, of course—if Miss Carrington has added to her list of conquests since she has been in Paris? I will drop conventional phrases, Miss Hamilton; has she favored any new suitor with hopes of success?"

He tried to speak indifferently, but look and intonation betrayed the intense anxiety he felt.

"Emphatically, no," I said. "Many, of course, have admired her, but she has not given the slightest encouragement to any hope of her serious regard."

"And can you explain the phenomenon of a vain, ardent girl preserving her fancy free for so many seasons of fashionable life, till she might justly begin to fear that society would grow tired of her charms and her caprices together?"

"Society has not as yet shown the least indication of either," returned I, rather dryly, for there was that in his tone which piqued me sorely on my friend's behalf, and excited a half doubt in my mind whether my poor Kate had any ground for hope. In that case it behooved me to be tenderly careful not to compromise either her dignity or her pride. "May I venture to put a similar inquiry, Colonel Vaughan," I added, "and ask you to explain the phenomenon of a sagacious and high-minded man having known Kate Carrington all those years and discovered nothing below the surface of her charms and caprices?"

"I have never thought her heartless," he returned; "rather have I feared lest the arrogant indifference she shows to all may be assumed to hide some secret but concentrated feeling."

"Feared!" I faltered; for, in spite of my efforts, the reaction of belief was almost too great a tax on my self-command.

"Yes," he replied, evidently controlling himself with an effort, "feared—for this reason. I considered her future in a measure placed under my control, and myself responsible for the issue—Heaven knows not willingly! The infatuation of a dead man has been the burden—the curse of my life! Margaret, shall I tell you that I know the provisions of the will—have always known them—and that it is this circumstance which has made me so inexpressibly solicitous to find Kate a fitting husband before her twenty-third birthday—so cruelly divided between my desire to do my duty kindly by her, and the fear lest any untoward twist or turn of her fancy might incline her toward myself? It is possible this dread may have made me unjust toward her; tell me at least, Margaret, that it has made me the object of her irritation and dislike."

He did not think so. I could see by the aspect of concentrated though repressed anxiety on his face, by the quiver of the set lips, the gleam of excitement in the usually quiet eyes, that he was suffering intensely, and the fact appealed wonderfully to my sympathies.

What could I say? What ought I to do in so painful a dilemma? I had rashly given encouragement to hope where I now saw for myself the signs of almost aversion. My intense sympathy for Kate, however, gave me the boldness to say—

"But why have you dreaded such a result, Colonel Vaughan? Is the love of a girl like Kate Carrington to be esteemed a burden and a curse? Ah, a light breaks in upon me!" I faltered, speaking from the sudden conviction of the moment, and forgetting in my anguish the unbecoming freedom of my words. "You have some deep-seated affection elsewhere, and hence this conflict of duty in your mind."

I broke off, startled by the sudden flush of color my bold words produced.

"Just so," he replied, with that thrilling distinctness of enunciation which marks the exercise of a severe self-control—"just so! It is a curious conflict of duty. For many years—shall I count them?—when did we first meet, Margaret?—I have loved a woman the opposite of Kate Carrington in every gift, in every grace, in every endowment, mental or physical, and I feel for her at this moment not the passing heat of a boyish passion, excited by mere brilliant externals, but the quiet, undying strength of a mature love. My personal happiness is, humanly speaking, in her hands, and years since I should have sought it from her had I not on the one side mistrusted my success, and on the other been withheld by the difficulty of my relations to Miss Carrington. Margaret, your voice shall decide my duty for me—one word will be enough—is blessedness or sacrifice to be my portion?"

He advanced a step, with a glance that kindled as he gazed at me, and tried to take my hand. Had the gray, leaden skies which stretched beyond our windows suddenly opened and showed me a glimpse of Paradise, I could not have been more overwhelmed with astonishment. I felt confused, oppressed by a conflict of feelings, and could neither find words to speak nor strength to withdraw the hand he had seized in a passionate clasp.

"One word, one glance, Margaret!" he urged.

At that moment I heard Kate's step on the stairs, and tore away my hand. What! Could I be so false a friend as to snatch away her happiness from her without even an hour's deliberation? I struggled for speech.

"She is coming," I said, "and must not know. I will write. I am too utterly taken by surprise to answer without thought—and yet I feel you do me too much honor."

I saw the contraction of pain cross his brow, and my heart bled inwardly; but the extremity of the occasion gave me courage.

When Kate entered, charming in the rare simplicity of her dress, I was able to tell her the reason of the colonel's early visit without exciting any suspicion on her part, and to excuse my own further attendance, on the plea that they might have some private arrangements to make with reference to the reading of the will on the morrow.

On reaching my own room, I flung myself in a paroxysm of feeling on the bed, straining my clasped hands across my brow, and the waters of anguish and mental conflict went over my soul. I seemed to live over again in one concentrated sensation the experiences of my whole life as connected with Colonel Vaughan. I saw him as he appeared to me first—benignant, dazzling in splendor and power of goodness to me, a miserable, discarded child; and since then with what frantic zeal had I clung to every fresh revelation of the sweetness and nobility of his character and life!

Hitherto I had ruthlessly refused to hold parley with myself concerning the presumptuous love I bore him, or rather had schooled myself to suffer. But now that he had told me he loved me—had loved me long—I had an excuse for giving my emotion free vent for a time.

I did so in convulsive sobs and tears, in foolish pressure of my feverish lips upon the hand so lately grasped in his, in vague dreams and passionate yearnings after what I still felt was impossible. For through all ran the overmastering conviction that I could not accept his love. I could not blight Kate's life. I could not betray my benefactress. More than that, I was not worthy of him; though he, in his great, ineffable goodness, thought I was. Quiet, unpretending, unendowed, I was no fit mate for his distinction and pre-eminence. No, much more akin to him were the radiant beauty, native gifts and splendid accomplishments of his brilliant ward. Besides, what would be the intolerable anguish of her humiliation to find herself rejected for me—the confidant of her passion! It could not be. It must not be.

And yet, if he loved me, as he said he did, would he not in his turn suffer? For a brief while, till this infatuation were forgotten, and he could open his eyes to the blessedness awaiting his acceptance. For was she not good, sweet, pretty, loving him as purely as I loved him, though incapable of giving him up, as I would and could teach myself to do?

How long my painful conflict lasted I know not, but I was aroused by Kate's coming to the door.

"Let me come in," she cried, impatiently, for the door was locked. "Col. Vaughan is going, Margaret, and he has asked for you."

"Tell him I cannot see him," I replied, steadying my voice to its usual inflection. "I have a dreadful headache, and am lying down."

"If I say that," she returned, dryly, "he will insist upon coming up to prescribe for you; you know quackery is one of his hobbies! I shall tell him you are gone out," and she turned away.

I half sprang from the bed to call to her, but sank back again. The message would appear unworthy and ungracious. But might it not be better if it did? At least one conviction was borne in resistlessly on my mind. I must not see him—not trust myself to exchange word or glance till after the decisive events of the morrow. In some sense I should be obliged to be guided by them—not as regarded my ultimate decision, but in my means of conveying it to him.

That morrow—how was I to bear the suspense till then? I knew Kate would soon return; I gathered too, from the tone of her voice, that she was vexed and dissatisfied, and, unnerved as I was, I had my secret to guard from her. I arose, washed my hot hands and face, raised a speechless prayer to Heaven for strength and help, unfastened my door, and laid myself quietly down again.

As I expected, Kate soon came back and entered the room. She gave me a quick, searching look.

"Are you very unwell, Margaret?" she asked, and then, without waiting for my reply, went to the window and gazed out long and silently.

I could hear the sound of a horse's hoofs, and knew she was watching him out of sight. Oh, the pathos there was in the yearning, passionate melancholy of her beautiful face!

"Have you—has he," I began, hesitating—"finished the arrangements for to-morrow?"

"We have hardly mentioned them," she said—"I concluded he had discussed them with you. But there is not much to arrange. The will is to be read at noon; himself, his sister, my father's lawyer, and one or two personal friends are to be present besides myself, the victim, and you, my chaperon. I don't know that any ceremonies need attend the rite—at least beyond providing a bottle of sherry and a biscuit."

"And you forbore to speculate or to question him on the eve of the denouement?"

"Cui bono?" she asked. "He would tell me nothing—and I did not count discomfiture. Ah, Margaret!" she went on, coming near me, and leaning with affectionate familiarity over my pillow, "he was cruelly silent and impenetrable this morning. Do you think any man could have such mastery over his feelings if he felt at all?"

"Surely," I said, turning away uneasily under her sorrowful gaze, "the same motives which have influenced him before would sustain him to the end."

"Is it a sin, a shame," she asked, "to love this man so well—so well that I could fain tell him that I love him, and beseech him, if he loves me not, to try hard to do so? If he will have nothing to say to me, I shall still go on loving him till they put me under the turf. I won't be such a fool as to add, in that case, that I don't care how soon the interment takes place."

I was silent, and she went on again.

"Heaven bless you, Margaret, for letting me talk like this without scorning me! If I couldn't talk to you, my wild unchastened heart, as he would term it, would be ready to burst. I often ask myself angrily why I love him so much, when he has scarcely ever spoken a kind word

to me; but I think of the kind words, the good offices he has bestowed upon others; and, though I admire his handsome face, his gifts of mind and manner, I love still better the patience, the self-denial, the noble consistency which make of his daily life an example and a reproof. Ah, Margaret, he might make a good woman of me!"

She turned upon me her luminous eyes wet with tears—beautiful in her grief as no other woman ever was, it seemed to me. As I gazed at her with searching, stricken glance, my courage strengthened.

"I can bear it better than she," I said; "and he—he must love her in the end!"

I half dreaded, half hoped, that he might make some attempt to see me again that day, but the hours wore on till night, and I received no communication from him. Kate and I separated early. Each passed a restless, feverish night, and rose early and unrefreshed on the all-important morrow.

Hardly was breakfast over when Miss Vaughan was announced. In appearance and manner she was totally unlike her brother, seeming to the ordinary observer nothing but a formal, emotionless spinster. But I, who knew her as his willing supporter in all his past goodness to me, judged her differently, and rose to welcome her with all the grateful cordiality I felt. Kate, on the other hand, was careless and sarcastic, being, as I could see, ill-pleased at so early a visit.

"Shall I ring for breakfast?" she asked, with affected eagerness. "Some chocolate and toast can be prepared in a few minutes."

"I breakfasted two hours ago," replied Miss Vaughan, "as you must have guessed, Kate, being acquainted with my habits; but I thought it well to come over and see if all was in readiness for this morning's serious business."

"Thank you," said Kate, dryly; but she said no more. She felt the coming business to be too serious to give vent to her usual warmth.

Presently Miss Vaughan remarked, scanning her young hostess critically—

"I am very glad, Kate, to see you for once so simply and suitably dressed."

"I am not dressed," said Kate, haughtily, with her cheeks already aflame at the implied censorship.

She wore a white morning-wrapper, and her magnificent hair was bound round about her head; and I knew that it had been her intention to be present at the reading of the will in the same costume. However, she now thought proper to leave the room under the pretext that Miss Vaughan had reminded her of the duties of the toilet.

I followed her as soon as I could, having previously conducted Miss Vaughan to the dining-room, that she might see with her own eyes that all was duly prepared for the approaching ceremony.

I found Kate under the hands of her maid, with her loosened hair flowing around her, and a brilliant-hued robe on the bed.

"I will be your tire-woman to-day if you will let me," I said, anxious to dismiss the girl; and when she was gone I did my best, but in vain, to induce Kate to resume her simple dress, and to suffer me to confine her luxuriant tresses in modest order.

"No," she said, passionately; "why should I belie myself on this day, the turning-point of my destiny? Let me be my honest self, Margaret; at least, let me not truckle to her."

"But he," I urged, faintly—"you know he does not like this floating chevelure, and these pronounced colors."

She paused. Her cheeks grew carmine-tinged, and then pale; her breast heaved with repressed emotion; she caught my hand and kissed it.

"Do with me what you like, darling," she murmured.

An hour after this we were all seated in the stately dining-room of the mansion, most of us drawn round the massive mahogany dining-table, which had groaned under the weight of so many sumptuous feasts in the lifetime of the man whose will we were now assembled to hear.

I sat like one in a dream, sustained only by the feverish elevation of feeling which may be supposed to enable the martyr to walk firmly to the appointed stake.

Kate looked pale and calm, and superbly beautiful in her simple dress; she too had all her energies strained on the rack of patience.

Miss Vaughan watched her closely, and so did the two gentlemen who had come in in company with her guardian. The former had known her father intimately, and herself from her cradle, and were full of comment and conjecture on what they were about to hear.

Colonel Vaughan had scarcely spoken, certainly he had not spoken to me, but had sat down at once at the bottom of the table, and waited without one overt sign of impatience while the lawyer fussed and prefaced and untied and unsealed with laborious exactness the small packet before him.

At length the page was opened and smoothed, and the voice cleared with elaborate scrupulosity, and he commenced to read.

I cannot recall the technical phraseology of the document, or give in words as lucid and succinct the provisions of the will. The substance of it, however, was that Mr. Carrington bequeathed to his only and beloved child Kate the entirety of all he possessed—on one sole condition, that, on reaching her majority—which he had protracted two years beyond the ordinary period, for reasons that satisfied his own judgment—she being still unmarried, and her guardian, Colonel Vaughan, being still unmarried, they two should pledge themselves within six months of the reading of the will to become man and wife. In this case it was his wish and prayer to his beloved child that she would, in prospect of the marriage aforesaid, make a legal settlement upon her future husband of the precise half of her property, and minute instructions were laid down to that effect.

Should Kate refuse to accede to this arrangement, she was, through such refusal, to forfeit the whole of the property, with the exception of three hundred pounds a year "for decent maintenance," and the residue was to be made over to Colonel Everard Vaughan, for his sole use and advantage.

If, on the other hand, Colonel Vaughan refused to ratify the proposed alliance, Kate was to forfeit every shilling of her wealth, which was then to be devoted to the building and endowment of a lunatic asylum in his, the testator's, native town.

The will concluded with a statement that Mr. Carrington loved his daughter dearly, and, wishing to secure her future happiness, had planned the above arrangement in order to insure her marriage with the man whom he most trusted and esteemed in the world, and that he had postponed Kate's majority in order to give her and her guardian likewise ample opportunity for consulting their own unfettered inclinations, concluding that, if both were free at the date specified, there could be no tyranny in thus disposing of their freedom.

There was something awful in the stillness which pervaded the stately room after the lawyer's voice had ceased. If I had not resolved to sacrifice my love before, I must have surrendered it now. Could Colonel Vaughan—the watchword of whose life was self-denial—consent to make the woman who loved him a pauper? Nay, had she been anything short of the vilest, that stringent and eccentric will left him no choice in honor but to take her as his wife.

I glanced at Kate, but her face was shaded by her trembling hands. I turned my eyes to look at him; stern and pale, he rose and advanced to the lawyer.

"That will cannot stand," he said, in a low, hard voice; "it bears unmistakably the marks of a mind unhinged. The provisions are simply—"

He hesitated, for Kate had dropped her hands from her face, and was looking at him, all unconsciously, with a wild despair in her appealing gaze.

"I, for one," said the lawyer, stiffly bowing, "am prepared to give my unequivocal testimony to the perfect soundness of the testator's mind at the time he made that will, and to congratulate Colonel Vaughan on the brilliant possibilities which it opens to him."

"Bravo, Sherrick!" said one of the other gentlemen, coming forward, having shaken off the first stupefaction of surprise. "Let us wish our gallant friend success with—Ah, the lovely bird is flown! Good omen, Vaughan; suffer me to play the host, and drink to the health of the provisional heiress."

With an almost convulsive effort at self-command, Colonel Vaughan steadied hand and voice, gulping down the proffered wine, and wishing Kate Carrington health and happiness in a fashion so like his ordinary manner, as to deceive all but the closest observer. But to me there was an inflection in his voice, a rigid pallor on brow and lips, that affected my heart with keenest anguish.

I was eager to follow Kate from the room, but Miss Vaughan laid her hand upon my arm, and forcibly detained me.

At this point the other gentlemen present seemed to perceive that the nominal business was concluded, and that they had no pretext for remaining longer in the absence of all encouragement or invitation to do so.

"I will see you and Miss Carrington later in the day, Colonel Vaughan," said Mr. Sherrick, blandly; "possibly I may have some instructions to receive."

The colonel bowed courteously, and as courteously attended his friends to the door of the apartment, excusing the seeming want of hospitality on the sufficient plea of urgent business awaiting him; and, having paused for a minute to see them ushered out into the open air by the ceremonious old butler, who was on duty in the hall, he turned back to the table near which both his sister and myself were still standing.

During this interval I had renewed my attempt at escape, but in vain; Miss Vaughan still kept her hold upon my arm.

"Stay!" she whispered, authoritatively, and I dared not disobey.

"Everard," she said, in tones of almost maternal tenderness, as he drew near us and fixed a searching gaze upon my bowed head, "I know you love this girl. Heaven does not require of us to sacrifice the lawful happiness of our lives to a chivalrous punctilio. It is an unjust, an impious will, striving to attain its end by involving your honor and conscience; but for that you are not accountable. Change of fortune will be a salutary and needful discipline for poor Kate, and our kindness shall never let her feel it acutely. Speak to him, Margaret!"

"Yes, speak to me," he said, maintaining a tone of strained self-command, and approaching me calmly, but with a calmness that wrung my heart more than any outburst of emotion could have done. "Speak to me, Margaret, whom I have loved so silently and so long, and tell me that I have not loved in vain. Heaven knows," he added, with a faint smile, "that I am not stubbornly bent upon my own happiness; but yours is very dear to me. Tell me that I have it in my keeping—that it is my first, sweetest duty to consult it."

For a moment I hesitated. Should I shut the gates of love's Paradise against me and stand without, shivering in the cold of neglect and misconception? Worse, could I wound that noble, heroic heart? "Yes, yes," I cried hurriedly to my failing courage; "I must, I can, with such alternatives before me;" and so I spoke with a quiet, steady firmness that surprised myself.

"You do me too much honor, Colonel Vaughan; I have never dared to raise my hopes so high as to imagine that I could have part or lot in your happiness."

He looked at me searchingly, as if he would read my secret soul.

"You mean you do not love me, Margaret? Then I have been a gross fool for my pains. I thought a young girl's fresh heart was easy to win by pity and kindness—and I did my best to be kind to you. I loved you, Margaret, almost from the time I saw you first, when you stood sobbing by my side in sweet childish confidence, and told me all your troubles. I have waited all these years to speak, and now—you do not love me!"

He tried to take my hand and look into my face, but I drew back.

"I love you, Colonel Vaughan, as a girl rescued from such misery as mine ought to love and reverence so good and generous a friend as you; but I do not love you as—as—Kate Carrington loves you!"

He started back as if I had stung him, and his brow contracted.

"Oh, it is hard," he said, and pressed his hand over his forehead—"so sweet a dream, so distasteful a reality! At least, Margaret, you make my duty clear." He spoke a little bitterly, and his voice quivered for a moment, but he recovered himself immediately. "Charlotte," he said, turning to his sister, "do you admit now that I have no alternative? This is the fear, the dread that has pressed upon me for years, and fettered all my actions, or, I half think, Margaret, I might have taught you to love me; and now the fulfilment is exacted from me!"

Miss Vaughan, in her turn, looked at me steadily, but I did not flinch.

"Poor girl!" she said, "your becoming humility has marred your fortunes, and costs my brother much; but Heaven orders events. Do you say that this popinjay of a girl loves my brother?"

"With all her heart and soul and strength," I answered; "and she is not what you think her. Love and pride have made her capricious and contrary—I who know her thoroughly know her to be of a sweet, noble, reliant nature. Even you, madam, would scarcely condemn her to beggary of heart and fortune at a stroke!"

I had turned, once more resolute to escape from my fiery ordeal, and laid my hand on the lock of the door. He came forward to open it for me, and held me back for a minute, with a yearning, lingering gaze.

"Once more, Margaret—you could not learn to love me? You are quite sure that sacrifice, not blessedness, is my allotted portion?"

"You will find a higher blessedness in the sacrifice than in anything it might have been in my power to give," I said, unfalteringly, and he opened the door and let me pass.

Pass to what? To an agony and passion of grief which shook my purpose to its base—an immense self-pity—a fervid sympathy and love for him which seemed beyond nature to endure and conquer; yet I did conquer.

"Heaven pity and help him," I prayed from the depths of my breaking heart, "and her also! May she find favor in his sight!" and, as I sat and fought anew the painful fight against his happiness and my own, I was able still to maintain my belief that no other course was possible or honorable. Could he have endured, much less enjoyed life, knowing that he had relegated her to poverty and misery? Or could I have rejoiced in a love purchased at such a price?

After an interval Miss Vaughan came to me.

"He is gone," she said; "he has left a message for Kate, requesting an interview to-morrow. I think he will tell her the truth—not all the truth," she added, as I started involuntarily; "but enough to vindicate his own sense of rectitude and save her from mistake. Perhaps she will not accept him on such terms."

I smiled. "She loves him," was my rejoinder.

He came the next day as appointed, and from my window I saw him enter the house. He chanced to glance upward, and I shrank back confounded as our eyes met for the moment. There was no change of color, however; no spasm of emotion crossed his face as he made his accustomed salute. He looked as if he had fought the fight and already won the victory. He was pale, perhaps, and a little wearied, to my keen, loving observation, but he was calm, self-contained and determined.

An hour later Kate, whom that morning I had not seen before, came into my room. I, too, had prepared myself for my martyrdom.

"Is it well, Kate?" I asked, eagerly.

Her face was pale with excitement, but her eyes were soft, tender and suffused with tears.

"He says he does not love me, Margaret," she said, looking wistfully into my face. "What ought I to have answered?"

"That you will try to teach him to do so," I said, smiling.

She caught my hand and kissed it.

"Dear Margaret—sweet Margaret—I could not let him go; that was precisely what I made him understand."

* * * * *

They were married within the stipulated six months, and I think that Kate had partially taught her lesson by that time—at least, she believed she had. They went abroad, on a long, unconventional wedding tour, to Palestine, Algiers, Egypt, and then they had a long winter in Rome, and a gay sojourn in Paris.

Kate wrote to me, when they had made up their minds to come home, after a two years' absence, as follows:—

"You would scarcely recognize my guardian in my husband, Margaret; he is no longer censor and contemner of all my little womanly foibles and caprices, but shows a large, loving indulgence for even my very faults, inclusive of an unworthy jealousy which has beset me, but shall never beset me again.

"I said to him last night, as he sat beside me after his return from a stroll—

"'I have one question, Everard, to ask you, if I dare.'

"'Take courage, Kate; there are few things you dare not.'

"Somehow, Margaret, this speech brought the hot color to my face, almost tears to my eyes. I fancied that he was thinking of my unwomanly wooing. He looked a little surprised at my emotion and then said, with that sweet, infinite kindness of look and manner which used to break my heart with love and yearning in the sad days gone by—

"'Why, Kate, you could not think that my words implied a reproach! What I meant was simply this—that it requires no daring to speak freely to those who love us.'

"'And,' faltered I, still blushing and hesitating, 'you love me better now than—than that other woman,' I wanted to say 'Margaret,' but in spite of his assurance the word failed me, and I broke down in a stupid sob.

"'I love you better than I ever loved any other woman, Kate,' he said, gravely, and with a quiet earnestness of manner that thrilled me into a delicious stillness. 'I could scarcely fail to love the woman who gave me the great treasure of her love when I esteemed it lightly, and since then has sacrificed her most cherished tastes, pursuits and talents even to win the favor and approval of one who she knew loved her not. But your sweetness and kindness have long since conquered me, Kate; I had vowed before Heaven to love my wife, but I little thought how soon that duty would become the dearest privilege on earth. Believe me, dear, the girl I loved—and dearly I loved her—is nothing to me now but a friend whose hand I shall gladly clasp and willingly let go; but from you—even could I will it otherwise—nothing but death shall part me.'"

If a throb of anguish smote me as I read, it was but a momentary weakness. If a passing smile at masculine adaptability curled my lips, I checked it. This was what I had hoped, expected, prayed for; she, under favoring circumstances, developing all the grace and fulness of her rich nature—he, heroic and faithful unto duty, finding his crown of rejoicing where he had expected his cross of penance. And in deliberate gratitude I folded my hands over Kate Vaughan's letter, and gave Heaven thanks.

Curious Tables.

A novel dining-table is now in use in one of the palaces of the Emperor of Russia. The table is circular, and is placed on a weighted platform. At the touch of a signal, like a rub of Aladdin's lamp, down goes the table through the floor, and a new table, loaded with fresh dishes and supplies, rises in its place. But this is not all; each plate stands on a weighted disk, the tablecloth being cut with circular openings, one for each plate. If a guest desires a change of plate he touches a signal at his side, when his plate disappears and another rises. These mechanical dining-tables render the presence of servants quite superfluous. In this country, at the Oneida Community, they employ dining-tables having the central part made to revolve. Here the goblets, spoons, tea and coffee, castors, pitchers, and other necessary articles of table furniture are replaced; revolving the centre piece, the sitter brings before him whatever article may be desired, without the intervention of a special waiter. The Russians are evidently in advance of the Yankees in respect to dining-tables.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ I'm particularly uneasy on this point," said the fly to the young gentleman who stuck him on the end of a needle.

☞ "Who was the meekest man, my son?" said the superintendent of a boys' Bible-class. "Moses, sir." "Very well, my boy, and who was the meekest woman?" "Please, sir, there never was no meekest woman."

☞ Mr. Smith is bound to have his joke. His wife walked nearly in front of a railway train the other day, and he said that if she had gone a "step farther," his children would have had a "step-mother."

☞ An old colored man who has just died near Frederica, Delaware, confessed to being the murderer of the old peddler, for whose death a boy named Edward Darnell was hanged at Dover a few years ago.

☞ The Danbury News says: There are young men who cannot hold a skein of yarn for their mothers without wincing, but will hold 125 pounds of a neighboring family for the best part of a night, with a patience and docility that are certainly phenomenal.

☞ Carlyle believes in "Silence," and yet his published works comprise thirty volumes. Can't some one say something about a jewel and consistency?

☞ Good talkers are becoming rare nowadays, but are occasionally to be met with. Of one whose conversation is very entertaining but rather disconnected, a witty lady recently remarked: "Oh, yes, he's very clever, but he talks like a book in which the leaves are occasionally missing."

☞ "Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming whip in hand.

☞ Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to prevent. Oh! 'tis cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

☞ In explaining a representation of a shower of meteors, Mr. Proctor said that meteors were falling upon the earth every day, and that it is steadily growing through that downfall, though slowly. About 400,000,000 are calculated to fall every year, and we are only protected by the fact that most of them are dissipated by the atmosphere into a vaporous dust.

☞ A servant girl in Peoria, Ill., has been mystifying her employers and the neighborhood, for a year or more, by physical manifestations of the most approved spiritual sort. She was found out by the slight carelessness of leaving a trade-label on a pair of vases that mysteriously appeared as a Christmas present from her mistress's deceased husband.

☞ A Detroit paper, noting the fact that a man lately dropped dead while combing his hair, says, "And yet there are people who will persist in the dangerous habit."

☞ Maintaining that Mocha coffee at 60 cents a pound does not accord with the thickness of the lining in her husband's pocket-book, Mrs. Diggins bought a cheaper article herself, and worser half submitted, remarking, "Anything for the sake of peas in the family."

☞ If you wish to live the life of a man, and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

There was a young lady of Boston,
And the gravest of doubts she was tossed on.
Of effect and of cause
She discoursed without pause,
That remarkable lady of Boston.

☞ "My dear boy," said a fond aunt to a very fast-living nephew, "don't you know that in leading this irregular life you are shortening your days?" "It's quite possible," was the cool reply, "that I may be shortening my days, but then look how I lengthen my nights!"

☞ An old farmer employed a son of Erin to work for him on his farm. Pat was constantly misplacing the end boards in the cart—the front board behind and the tail board in front, which made the old gentleman very irritable. To prevent blunders he painted on both boards a large "B," then calling Pat to him and showing him the boards, said, "Now, you blockhead, you need make no mistake, as they are now both marked. This (pointing to one board) is 'B' for before, and that (indicating the tail board) is 'B' for behind," whereupon the old gentleman marched off with great dignity.

☞ A Dismal Way to Put It.—Dean Ramsay tells a story of a Scotch beadle who had taken a fancy to the manse housemaid. At a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were over, he looked sheepish, and said, "Mary, wad ye take a turn, Mary?" He led her to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger, stammered: "My fawk lie there, Mary—wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken and she became his wife.

☞ At a meeting of the New York clergy, Dr. Crosby opposed the total abstinence plan—he believed "that our Lord Jesus Christ manufactured and drank intoxicating liquors." After a lively discussion total abstinence was repudiated.

☞ We think it barbarous that girls should be sold for wives by their parents in Turkey; yet we should remember that in this country not a day passes without a bride being given away by her father.

☞ An autopsy of the body of Senator Sumner showed that the heart was the only internal organ diseased. The brain showed no traces of the assault committed by Brooks.

☞ A gentleman, as thin as a lath, informed the concierge of an apartment that he had rented, that he was in the habit of coming home late, but disturbed no porter, as he generally entered by the letter-box slit.

☞ In spite of its dirty streets ours is the healthiest of all the great cities of the world. Hall's Journal of Health for March names twenty cities and country regions in which the mortality rate is higher than in Philadelphia. These include the principal cities of Europe and the United States, together with whole countries, such as Belgium, France, England and Sweden. In one district only, that of Surrey county, near London, is there a lower death rate.

☞ An extremely sharp and intelligent American gentleman from the West once walked into the office of Dr. G. T. Jackson, the chemist. "Dr. Jackson, I presume?" said he. "Yes, sir." "Are you alone?" "Yes, sir." "May I lock the door?" And he did so; then, having looked behind the sofa, and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow handkerchief, on the table, and opened it. "There, doctor, look at that!" "Well," said the doctor, "I see it." "What do you call that, doctor?" "I call it iron pyrites." "What!" said the man; "isn't that stuff gold?" "No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites." And putting some over the fire in a shovel, it soon evaporated up the chimney. "Well," said the gentlemanly man, with a woe-begone look, "there's a widow up in our town has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her."

☞ One of those brain-splitting conundrums that no fellow can find out is the following:—What relation is a loaf of bread to a locomotive? You'll never guess it. Bread is a necessity, a locomotive is an invention. Now as necessity is the mother of invention, the maternal relation of a loaf to a locomotive will be seen at once.

☞ A few days since a seedy person applied to a wealthy person for help, and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance, "Take it, you are welcome; our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

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MARRIAGE MORN.

'Tis May-time, and the marriage morn
Of Clara Winwood, who was born
In yonder cot
That seems to float upon the corn,
Fair May-time and her marriage morn:
Would it were not!
The bridegroom walks with happy stride,
But he has only won her pride.

She names her love and gives her hand
Because he is a lord of land,
And he can ride
Ten miles and say, "All this is mine;
And what is mine, my love, is thine!"
And she can hide
Her soul, and though her heart be cold,
Put on a smile to get his gold.

There is a youth in Brinton Dell,
And Clara Winwood loves him well;
And he loves her
Unto the very core of truth—
With all the passion of his youth;
And would it were
That he could prove true love and health
Are far beyond the price of wealth!

Old women tread the churchyard grass
To see the bride and bridegroom pass;
And children play
Round gravestones where their sisters sleep;
And other children know and weep,
And turn away.
The gossips stand beneath the trees,
And watch and wait in twos and threes.

The belfry shakes, the warm air swells
With merry peal of bridal bells.
Alas, alas!
For time will teach the bride by stealth
That love is richer far than wealth.
Alas, alas!
The bridegroom who can buy and sell
Shall meet the youth of Brinton Dell.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

"The Lover's Leap," said I, as I stood on the north shore of Cornwall, looking up at a picturesque headland a considerable number of feet above the sea's level, and hanging threateningly over its foaming surface, now there was a full tide. "A name," I added, "decidedly original, and—"

"True," emphatically interrupted the tall, handsome Cornish woman by my side, with whom I had been conversing, and who had been my informant respecting the name of the projection which I had just sketched.

"True?" I repeated, perceiving she was quite serious. "Then, do you remember the origin of the title?"

"Perfectly. I was a child at that time; but it made such a commotion, and was so often repeated, that it would almost have impressed a baby's memory. If you like, I'll tell it you. It's become a legend here, we relate it to most travellers who care to listen."

Declaring nothing would please me better, I put down my sketch-book, and the Cornish woman and I, seated on a boulder, the sea lapping the beach a little distance off, she began as follows:

"About thirty years ago there lived in the village yonder, where you are staying, two brothers; they were twins, yet as unlike as the sea is in calm and storm. It is supposed that children so born entertain a strong affection for each other. In that case, William and Richard Redruth were an exception. They were so utterly dissimilar in character, that it would have been impossible to have been otherwise.

"Richard was a handsome, open, generous-hearted, honest young fellow, possessed of that energy and steady application at work which is the foundation of success. William was dark-haired, heavy-browed, with a restless, roving spirit, a quick temper, and fierce, vindictive nature. Though also a fisher, he earned little; for he never settled steadily to it, but would start off in his boat round the coast, and never be heard of for days. When he returned it was with an empty craft, and a livid, feverish face, as of one who had met and braved perils.

"Different in everything else, unfortunately the brothers had one strong liking in common—this was their love for Margaret Semper, a fisherman's daughter, the beauty of the village, and of so gentle, kindly a disposition, that even William Redruth was an altered man in her presence. He, as well as Richard—with others for that matter, but they do not count—strove to win Margaret Semper's favor. At last she made her selection, and it was not difficult to guess it. Richard Redruth was not only the handsomest and most prosperous fisher in the village, but just the one to obtain the love of such a girl as Margaret. It was to him she gave her heart and hand.

"When the fact of their engagement became known, William Redruth and his boat abruptly disappeared. Days passed; nothing was heard of him, though one old fisherman declared that, happening to go to the beach late, for something he had left in his boat, he there saw the figure of a man very like William, creeping along in the darkness of the rocks. He had called to him, when the shadow had instantly vanished.

"The fisher so stoutly affirmed this, enlarged upon the gliding, shadowy appearance, that many believed William Redruth had put an end to his life, and that his spirit was haunting the place.

"Opinions on the point were divided, when a few mornings later the people in the village were astonished to see Richard Redruth, who had gone fishing early, returning quickly and unexpectedly to land. Upon his running his boat on shore, he explained that he had got some distance out to sea, when he discovered it was making water rapidly. He endeavored to find where the leak was sprung, but in vain, and with the greatest difficulty kept it under while he tacked and made for the village. On examining the boat with the fishers, it was found in a most unlikely place, whilst it was perfectly inaccessible to any one inside the boat.

"How had it come?

"Richard Redruth looked very grave, but said nothing. The village, however, formed its opinion, for there were some who remembered to have heard William Redruth exclaim, 'If ever Margaret Semper should choose my brother, before their wedding day, one or other shall be beneath the sod!'

"The flaw was mended, a fortnight passed by, and nothing was seen of William Redruth, either his shadow or his ghost, to whichever the Cornish mind tended. He was beginning, indeed, to be forgotten, owing to another excitement—Margaret Semper and Richard's approaching wedding, the day of which had been fixed.

"As I have said, Richard Redruth was one of the most well-to-do fishers in the place; yet each day he worked harder and more untiringly, for he desired to be rich now for Margaret, and no wealth he thought too great for her. Daily his boat was seen to quit the shore, and return with its shining freight, as bright as the silver it was to bring the fearless fisher.

"Even on the eve of his marriage he made no difference.

"'This is my last trip, Margaret,' he said, as she stood by him on the beach; 'to-morrow you will be my own, own little wife! It will be a large freight I shall bring to-night.'

"Fondly they embraced, never dreaming how next they should meet; though, when he had gone, and the day stole onward, a vague dread came over Margaret—a dread for him. The holy joy of the coming morning so filled her heart, she feared anything occurring that should now part her and Richard.

"Noon passed, evening drew on, and with it dark, threatening clouds, presaging storm—for hours piled in the west—began as the sun set to sweep up like a funereal pall over the heavens, while the leaden sea beneath moaned as one in trouble.

"Eagerly, with anxious heart, Margaret scanned the broad expanse in search of Richard's boat. In vain; the white specks which so frequently deceived her were but the crests of the as yet small, though angry waves. 'Why did he go to-day?' she sighed—'why on this, the eve of our marriage? The hour has long passed that he named for his return.' Then she remembered the circumstance of that mysterious leak, and her anxiety grew in intensity.

"At last, throwing a shawl around her, she stole down unperceived to the shore. It seemed to bring her nearer her lover, as already the darkening evening was shutting the sea from sight of the cottage.

"Apparently, the beach was deserted by all save herself, and with restless spirit she walked along the edge of the waters, her gaze fixed seaward, her ears keenly sensitive to the gradually rising wind, and other sounds that declared a tempest at hand.

"Ignorant of the shadow which had been dogging her steps for some while, and was yet noiselessly following, she climbed the rock.

"Darker, darker grew the evening. The billows broke with a louder sound; the wind wildly tossed her loosened hair and shawl. Where was Richard?

"Anxiously she gazed out on the storm crest, endeavoring to pierce the gloom. She pressed her hand over them, then turning, prepared to look again, when, with a cry of startled alarm, she sprang back; for, standing by her side, his dark features more threatening even than the night, was William Redruth.

"'You fear me, Margaret, and with good cause,' he said, coldly. 'It is long I have been waiting such an opportunity. Each step you have taken I have followed, until you reached this rock. Margaret Semper,' he added, turning toward her, 'if you ever leave it alive, it must be after you have sworn to become my wife.'

"Trembling in every limb, but by an effort assuming a calm, undaunted bearing, the young girl answered, 'Are you mad, William Redruth? To-morrow is my wedding-day and Richard's. Do you imagine even the fear of death could make me false to him?'

"'Then here you perish!—you never shall be his—never!'

"'This is folly, William, and unlike you. What harm have you ever received at my hands that you should treat me thus?'

"'The greatest—your rejection of me for him.'

"'A woman can no more control her heart than can a man,' she answered. 'I loved Richard; I would, if you would let me, love you—as a brother.'

"'Brother!' he interrupted fiercely; 'brother!—yes, I will accept that affection, Margaret Semper, but not from you as Richard Redruth's wife; never—never—never!'

"The wild energy of his manner augmented her alarm, and passing him, she strove to quit the rock, but, catching her wrist, he held her with a grasp of iron.

"'No!' he said; 'I have sworn it!'

"She shrieked aloud.

"'Your cries are useless,' he remarked. 'The winds and the waves are my allies. Scream as you may, you cannot be heard!'

"Kneeling at his feet, yet in his clasp, she prayed, implored, upbraided and entreated; William Redruth had but one answer—'Be mine, and you are safe; if not, you die!'

"'Oh, William, William!' she wept, 'once you said you loved me—can you, then, treat me thus?'

"'It is because I love you—because I will never see you his!' he rejoined, hoarsely. 'Look, Margaret, and reflect speedily, for the base of this rock is already surrounded!'

"Looking around, she saw with horror his words were true; the waves, with their dancing, mocking crests, were on each side of her.

"'Mercy, mercy!' she shrieked.

"'For the last time I ask you, Margaret—will you renounce Richard, and be mine?'

"'No!' she answered, drooping, exhausted, despairing, at his feet. 'Rather the cruel death with which you threaten me.'

"'It is no vain threat, Margaret; that death shall indeed be yours. A few moments, and you will see.'

"There was a pause of some seconds, then, before the wretched girl, half insensible from terror, divined his intent, seizing both her hands, he lashed the wrists securely together. Afterward, releasing her, he said, 'Farewell, Margaret; I failed with Richard, but I cannot miss now. He must wait long for his bride to-morrow.'

"'William—William Redruth!' she cried, 'do not leave me!'

"But already he had sprung into the waters, and she was left on the rock alone.

"It was a fearful time that followed, almost beyond description—certainly enough to banish reason. Margaret shrieked and prayed. The uproar of the elements sent her words back upon herself, appearing to mock her agony. These frantic moments were interspersed by brief intervals of calm, wherein the past swept before her like a panorama.

"All the while the moments slipped by, and the waves rose higher and higher; at last, one dashed over the rock, and did not retreat. It left her feet in water; the rock was beginning to be covered.

"Wildly, despairingly, she flung out her arms, and prayed for succor—for mercy. Then, kneeling, helplessly wept.

"It was hard to die thus; made harder by the knowledge that the morrow was to have been her wedding-day.

"Now the waves began to break over her, threatening to hurl her from the rock. Madly she strove to cling to it, but her hands, so tied, rendered her almost powerless. In a few moments all must be over.

"That idea gave her back strength, and, with a last effort, she shrieked aloud in her agony, till the rocks rang with her voice.

"'Richard, Richard, aid me! Am I to die thus, never again to see you? Richard! Richard!'

"What was that?

"She sprang to her feet, every pulse beating with hope, with joy. It was a voice in reply; it was Richard's voice, uttering her name.

"Once more it sounded. It came from above; and raising her face, she beheld on the headland the tall, strong figure of her lover outlined against the dark, leaden sky.

FIVE-YEAR OLD.—"I say, pa, you need not pay a lot of money for me to learn the piano."

PATER.—"Why not, my boy?"

FIVE YEAR OLD.—"Because all you have got to do is to put a handle to it then I can play all day long, like the men in the street."

"Her heart sank. Before he could get round to the shore for his boat, all would be over.

"'Oh, Richard!—dear Richard!' she called, 'be comforted. Seeing you, I can die happy! But help is too late! Farewell—farewell!'

"The figure had gone. Like an arrow it had darted from the top of the headland, and plunged into the sea beneath. Margaret uttered a scream of alarm, then hoped—recollecting Richard Redruth was one of the best swimmers in Cornwall. Love now would make him strong.

"With difficulty keeping her position, each second covered by the waves, she waited. The beating of her heart was as the second-hand on the dial of eternity.

"Ah! what was that which struck against her so heavily? It was a body—that of William Redruth!

"With a scream of remorse, Margaret Semper fainted.

"Struggling through the surf, Richard sprang to her relief, guided by that last cry. His arms were already about her, as consciousness departed, and with difficulty he bore her safely to the shore.

"The wedding did not take place the next day, for Margaret Semper was prostrated by a severe nervous fever. But it did take place a few weeks later, and was one of the happiest and gayest in all Cornwall, despite the evil plots of William Redruth, as to whose fate there was no longer any mystery. In springing from the rock, his head must have struck violently against some hidden boulder; for the next morning, when the tide went down, he was found drowned, with a wound on his temple, at the very foot of the Lover's Leap."

Fashionable Hair Dressing.

Parisian authorities inform us that the hair is still worn exceedingly high, and that there is a tendency to cushions. To this coiffure is added the short curls savoring of the Red Republican days, and again to the long, falling ringlets of Marie Antoinette.

The high style of hair dressing is peculiarly ungraceful and altogether unbecoming; therefore, expedients will be adopted to give a better profile than that produced by a flat back of the head, particularly where the hair is thin and has a strained appearance. Some ladies who comprehend the art of hair arrangement wherein fashion and beauty agree, will wear a roll of hair, over which the back hair can be combed up; or, again, an ornament composed of a band of velvet or silk, from which will depend a fringe of jet or fluffy curls, bought by the yard, a set of finger puffs, short ringlets, or any ornament that will give the back of the head the desired roundness. A new and very beautiful ornament for the hair was a yellow gold spray of forget-me-nots, in large turquoise, with sparkling diamond hearts and long, curved leaves of diamonds.

The last style of flat hair dressing is making hair powder impossible, therefore unfashionable. The little waves are set by gum, pomade, or any sticky unguent, and then if the high turret and braids are powdered, one can imagine the dusty and untidy effect. Decidedly the light, fluffy curls hanging over the brow, poodle doggy or not, are preferable to having one's locks gummed fast to the face—at the best an unclean and uncomfortable fashion. The mystery of fashion lies in caprice, while the cry is change, change.

American Girls who have Married Titled Foreigners.

A letter from Washington says:—How the foreigners seem to admire our American girls or is it their fortunes that prove so attractive? They come here and make their selections and are only too gladly accepted as a general thing.

"Maidens, like moths, are caught by glare."

Mrs. Gen. Griffin has become the Countess Esterhazy; little blue-eyed Camille Webb is now the Baroness Von Havre; Miss Williams, of Georgetown, became the bride of Count Bodisco, and another Georgetown girl has given her affection to an Italian count, who has left her here, expecting his tardy return, which looks too prolonged to promise any realization; Miss Romaine Goddard, step daughter of Admiral Dahlgren, became Mme. Von Overbeck, and has made her home amidst the steppes of Russia; a Washington girl was made the wife of the Mexican minister, Romero; recently, Miss Campbell married Mr. Charlton, of the English legation, while a beautiful widow from New York is soon to exchange her weeds for wedding-garments and become the wife of the minister from the Netherlands, Mr. Westenburg. Another New York belle married Senor Roberts, formerly Spanish minister, and the daughter of Mr. Riggs, the banker, is now Mrs. Howard, of the English legation. I wonder if the Turkish and new French ministers will secure American wives and fortunes?

☞ MEN FASHIONS.—Do you know that some of the most striking fashions were at first worn by gentlemen? A raven friend of mine who spent three years in a baron's library, and ought to know, says that muffs were originally carried by gentlemen, also that hoops under the skirt were first worn by them. He says the encyclopedias all say so. Look up, little girls. My friend Raven may be mistaken, but I'm afraid he is right.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

We give on our first page this week, a picture representing the death of the Admirable Crichton. This extraordinary man was born in the year 1561, or, according to some, in August, 1560, and was descended from respectable parents, who resided in the county of Perth, Scotland. After receiving his grammatical education in the town of Perth, he was sent to St. Andrew's to study philosophy, in which he made rapid progress, under the able direction of Rutherford, Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson; and before he had reached his twentieth year, he made himself master of the sciences of the times, he was able to write and to speak ten different languages, and had attained the greatest skill in the more showy accomplishments of riding, dancing, singing, and playing upon musical instruments.

Having thus completed his education, Crichton set out upon his travels, and paid his first visit to the French metropolis. Conscious of the superiority of his attainments, and eager to display them to the world, he publicly challenged all the celebrated men in Paris to dispute with him in the college of Navarre that day six weeks, at nine o'clock in the morning, when he should answer any question in the arts and sciences, either in prose or in verse, and in any of twelve languages, viz: the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, English, Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian. During the interval of six weeks, while his antagonists were preparing for the contest, Crichton amused himself either in hunting, hawking, tilting, &c., or spent his time at balls and concerts; and yet, when the day arrived, he acquitted himself to the astonishment of his auditors, in a disputation which lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. The president of the assembly then rose from his chair, and, attended by four professors of the university, presented Crichton with a diamond ring, and a purse full of gold, in token of their admiration and esteem. On the following day he attended a match of tilting at the Louvre, and in presence of a brilliant assembly, he carried off the ring fifteen times in succession.

From Paris, Crichton went to Rome, where he exhibited himself with equal success and applause, before the people and the most distinguished characters in that renowned metropolis.

His next exhibition was at Venice, about the year 1580, where he conciliated the affections of the people by a Latin poem in praise of the city, which he presented to Aldus Manutius, and other Venetian literati. He made a brilliant speech before the Doge, and sustained disputations on various subjects with his usual success.

As soon as he had recovered from an illness with which he was here attacked, and which lasted five months, he set out for Padua, and on the 14th of March, 1581, he disputed with the most celebrated professors in that university, and particularly exposed the errors of the Aristotelian philosophy. The fame of this exhibition was so widely extended, that he was earnestly solicited to repeat the performance by numbers who were not able to attend before. Manutius informs us, that this second display never took place; but if we believe Imperialis, who speaks on the authority of his father who was present, Crichton did make his appearance, and disputed with Archangelus Mercenarius, who had the reputation of being a profound philosopher. In consequence of some attempts to detract from his merits, Crichton again offered to display his powers in the refutation of Aristotle and his followers, and on other controversial subjects. The disputations which took place on this occasion are said to have lasted three days, and Crichton is reported to have sustained his part with such readiness and ability, as to have extorted acclamations from the whole assembly. Hitherto Crichton was chiefly called upon to exhibit his mental qualifications; but at Mantua, which he next visited, he had to encounter an enemy more formidable than any of the champions of Aristotle. A gladiator, who had overcome the most celebrated fencers in Europe, was living under the protection of the Duke of Mantua, and had already slain three individuals who had accepted his challenge. As soon as Crichton heard of this prodigy, he offered to fight him for 1500 pistoles, and though the Duke remonstrated with him on the danger to which he exposed himself, and was unwilling that society should lose such an ornament, he at last agreed to the proposal, and appointed a day when the champions should fight in presence of the court. The skill and cool intrepidity of Crichton were an overmatch for the eager impetuosity of the Italian, who was at last thrice run through the body. The prize of 1500 pistoles, which the victor thus acquired, was generously divided among the widows of the three individuals whom the gladiator had slain.

Astonished at the qualities both of mind and body which he had witnessed, the Duke of Mantua chose Crichton as preceptor to his son Vincentio di Gonzago; and out of gratitude for this appointment, Crichton is said to have written a comedy, satirizing the various professions in which men are engaged, and to have supported fifteen characters in the representation of his own play.

During the time of the Carnival, when Crichton was walking in the evening through the streets of Mantua, he was assailed by several persons in masks. Having repelled all their attacks, he disarmed their leader, who pulled off his mask, and begged his life as being the prince, his pupil. Upon this discovery Crichton fell upon his knees, apologized for his mistake, and assured the prince that if he had any design upon his life, he might take it when he pleased. He then took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince, who barbarously ran him through the heart. Our picture shows the discovery of the body of Crichton immediately after, by a party of troops who were patrolling the streets. This event is said to have happened in July 1582 or 1583.

POSSESSION.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

A Poet loved a Star,
And to it whispered nightly,
"Being, so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine, who shinest so brightly?
Oh, Beauty, wooed and unpossessed,
Oh, might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die blest."

That Star her Poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human.
And leaving for his sake her heaven above,
His Star stooped earthward and became a woman.
"Thou who hast wooed and best possessed,
My lover, answer, which was best,
The Star's beam, or the Woman's breast?"

"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet."

The Story of Fisk and Stokes.

A Naples correspondent says:—It is sometimes amusing, as well as profitable, to see ourselves as others see us, and I often learn about my own country things which I should never have dreamed of, if I had not found them in the Italian newspapers. By way of illustrating how American contemporary history is served up, I give the following from the Fanfulla, of Rome, a journal better informed than the most, prefacing my translation of its article with the remark that the common misuse in Italy of *h* for *k* (which latter letter is not in the Italian alphabet) had many times caused a confusion in the public mind between James Fisk, Jr., and Secretary Fish. During the trials of Stokes many were the questions as to the identity of his victim, and upon his conviction somebody, athirst for accurate information, wrote to the Fanfulla asking for it. Here is the editoral response:

Fish was a fine fellow in his day; chief of the Tammany Ring and the Erie Ring—two clubs of speculators at the bourse, about which the Fanfulla spoke a month ago. Fish plundered by handfuls from the public treasury on one side, and from the treasury of the railway from New York to Erie, and made the millions dance as if they had been of India-rubber. In chronological order he was the last of the nabobs, in order of richness the first. Now it happened in the course of his adventurous life that he stumbled on a sister of Stokes. To see her and—well, all the rest was the affair of a few days. The fair Stokes, laden with gifts and gold, might soon have given points to Cleopatra, to the Queen of Golconda, and all her pearls. But love soon passed away; for in some natures love is like money, and circulates, circulates endlessly. On one fine day the fair Stokes found herself in the condition of the Olympia above mentioned, abandoned high and dry on the rocks.

At this juncture out steps the brother. While there was anything to nibble at, the fine fellow nibbled away behind the scenes and kept his peace. But when the bone was gnawed all the rage of injured honor took the field within his soul, and he put himself upon the tracks of his pseudo brother-in-law, claiming satisfaction for his sister's honor and a fitting compensation. What blessed fellows are these positive men! But his anxiety was vain. Fish stood firm, and Stokes, one fine day, ambushed upon a hotel staircase, showered pistol shots upon him. The revenge was consummated, and the family honor, in default of a bath of gold, was washed in blood. Since that day two years have rolled by, and, having been brought to trial, the murderer, by dint of remands from one court to another, was nearly going unpunished. English and American laws require unanimity for a verdict of condemnation, one dissenting voice carrying the remand of the case. The unlucky Stokes fell at last upon a jury less American than the others, and was, in the telegraph reports, condemned to four years' imprisonment. There's the whole story for you.

Curious, is it not? And yet scarcely a week passes in which some American journal of good character and large circulation does not come under my notice bringing a similar story or report about Italy, scarcely less absurd and incorrect; while occasionally, as in a case I quoted some months ago, the inventions of some monstrous liar are printed and disseminated with an air of authority infinitely more impressive than this. And so it will continue to be so long as the principal part of "our foreign correspondence" is concocted at home by people who have never seen the countries they write about, or is furnished by travelling amateurs, compounding the tales of their guide-books, and the first impressions which they themselves—strangers, and presumably ignorant of the language and idiosyncrasies of the people among whom they are temporarily sojourning—gather. We don't know everything in America, after all.

Dickens and Queen Victoria.

Mr. Forster, with that mild wrath which takes possession of him whenever he corrects any misapprehension touching Charles Dickens, denies point blank the statement that a baronetcy, or any other Court honors, were offered to Dickens by the Queen; but the Queen sent for him to Buckingham Palace in 1870, had a most friendly chat with him, and gave him her book on the Highlands, with an autograph inscription. Her Majesty said she, as the humblest of writers, would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest, but that Mr. Helps, being asked to give it, had told her that it would be valued most if given by herself. After this he went to a Royal Levee, and his daughter was presented at the next Drawing-Room.

The Author of a Well-Known Hymn.

The hymn,

"I want to be an angel,"

has been sung for the last twenty years in Europe, England as well as America. I received a letter from the author's sister in Newark, saying it was written by Mrs. Sydney B. Gill, in Philadelphia. She was teacher of an infant class in Dr. Joel Parker's church there. She had been teaching a lesson on angels, one of the children said, "I want to be an angel," in a few days that child died, and under the strong impression of the circumstances, the teacher wrote the hymn for the Sunday-school to sing, and it has struck a chord in every child's heart since 1854.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

TO MANY CORRESPONDENTS.—We frequently receive articles, with a request from the writers that we should correct them before publishing. This we cannot do—as we have not the time to do it. If an article does not come to us written correctly in a plain, legible hand and prepared in every respect for the printer, it has the very smallest chance of escaping out of the waste basket.

L. M. W., (Oceola, Iowa,) asks: "Will you please give me the size of the District of Columbia? I once understood that all south of the Potomac was ceded back to Virginia. Is that so?" Originally the District of Columbia was ten miles square, or one hundred square miles; but by the retrocession of Alexandria county to Virginia in 1846, its area was reduced to about sixty square miles, or thirty eight thousand four hundred acres.

BERTRAM, (Holyoke, Mass.,) asks: "Can you give me any information about what was called the Tulip Manie, of which I have more than once heard?" It was a reckless speculation in the purchase of tulip-bulbs, in the seventeenth century. Something similar, we suppose, to the multiflorite fever of the present century. It rose to its greatest height in the years 1634 to 1637, inclusive. A root of the species called the Viceroy, sold for £1200 ($1,250). A single bulb of the species known as Semper Augustus, brought more than double that sum. The tulips were grown in Holland, but the mania which spread over Europe was a mere stock-jobbing speculation. Many persons were ruined by investments in the foolish business. The whole matter affords a striking illustration of how people may be decoyed into the hope of making large gains in return for that have no foundation whatever in sense or reason. The Norway Oats mania, which seized the minds of a considerable portion of the farming community only three or four years ago, is another exemplification of the facility with which popular delusions may be introduced and spread.

M. M. M., (Solton, Conn.,) writes: "What is your opinion of people who are always ready to impute wrong or selfish motives to the actions of others? Does not such a readiness argue that they themselves are not incapable of acting in the manner they profess to condemn?" In reply to the above we will only say that there is no better test of purity and true goodness than reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor, and absolute incapacity to believe an evil report about good men, except upon the most trustworthy evidence. To be on the watch for an opportunity to draw inferences unfavorable to another's character, does most undeniably argue to the discredit of the person so doing.

A READER, (Centre Point, Ark.,) writes: "I have been a reader of THE POST for many years. I used to read its stories and poetry when I was a happy school girl, far back in my southern home, and now it cheers many a lonely hour in my western home. I want you to answer a few questions in the correspondents' column. 1st. Can you republish a story published in the Post many years ago, entitled the ——? 2d. If I draw a prize from the Prize Association in New York city, would I be safe in sending money to pay package and expressage? 3d. Is the —— Sewing Machine Company responsible if I send the money for a machine—will they send it? 4th. How is my handwriting?" 1st. We are unable to say at present whether we shall be able to republish the story you name. 2d. We never advise the sending of money to such enterprises. 3d. Perhaps it would be better to buy your machine of a responsible agent nearer home. 4th. It is not as good as we should like to see it.

MRS. J. L. C., (Frankfort, Neb.,) writes: "Will you or some of your numerous readers be kind enough to inform me how to make ink of various colors that will not wash out, and the method of using it for the purpose of stamping braiding patterns?" We can give no recipe for preparing such inks, nor can we inform you how to use them when prepared. We think you would find the cheapest and most satisfactory in every way to buy the ink already prepared, as the success attending the home manufacture of it is usually not very great.

DAISY asks: "1st. What was the origin of the word 'Honeymoon,' as applied to the short time after marriage? 2d. Do you know where a copy of the old novel —— can be purchased, and at what price?" 1st. Honeymoon is the first month after marriage, so called from the practice of the ancient Teutons of drinking honey wine thirty days after marriage. 2d. It can be obtained under another title at T. B. Peterson's, in this city.

A. E. C., (Conway, Ark.,) asks: "Where can —— pearl helix geodes be found, or where are they manufactured? I wish to purchase some put up in cases." They are kept for sale by almost every notion-dealer in the cities and towns of the country. We do not know the place of manufacture.

W. A. Mc. (Williamsport, Pa.,) writes as the following alarming epistle. We are concerned for him: "Will you oblige me by stilling my lengthy meditations, and solemn reveries, on the following themes, and thereby calm the tempest of thought now raging within me: 1st. If an irresistible force should come in contact with an immovable body, what would be the result? 2d. Is the pressure of the atmosphere caused by the force of gravitation? 3d. When were tallow-candles first made? 4th. I have recently noticed that corn-cobs coming from stalks which grew in the same field and same row, were of different colors, as for instance, some were salmon-colored, some red, and others were white. Why is this? 5th. Though I am only a little over fourteen years of age, yet there is a slight suspicion of a mustache on my upper lip; what is the best way to make the suspicion grow? 6th. What is your opinion of the following:—When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this infallible sign, all the dunces are in conspiracy against him? 7th. Does the moon affect idiots? If so, how—and have all crazy persons a queer, glittering expression in their eyes?" 1st. We suggest that you raise this question in some country lyceum. You will then hear it debated at such length that you will never wish to hear any further mention of it; even if it should not be decided. 2d. Yes. 3d. That is something to which antiquarian research has not, to our knowledge, extended. 4th. The different colors are owing to different varieties of the corn. You never obtained corn-cobs of different colors from the same stalk, we presume. 5th. The best thing to do under such circumstances would be to wait patiently for developments. If the fertility that seems to distinguish your brain extends to your lips, we do not doubt that at twenty you will have mustaches as long as a Turk's. 6th. The saying is a specious one. "A true genius" is not always to be known by such a sign. 7th. The ill-informed believed that the mind was affected by the moon, and that "lunacies" were more and more frequent as the moon increased to the full. Idiots may have been included. Those happy idiots, lovers, it is well known, are extremely susceptible to lunar influences. All crazy persons do not have "a queer glittering expression in the eyes"—have you?

AN AUTHOR, (Penna.,) asks: "1st. What kind of paper is most commonly used by authors, and in what form are their manuscripts most convenient for the publisher? 2d. When a story is sent for publication, does the publisher fix the price according to its merits? 3d. Are you overrun with short stories, or would more be acceptable?" 1st. Various kinds are used, but that most in favor with publishers is note paper. Manuscripts sent without being rolled, the above-named paper being used, are very convenient in form. 2d. The author usually fixes the price. If in the opinion of the publisher it is too great he either declines to purchase or offers less, according to the rule of the establishment. 3d. We are not at present in want of any short stories and sketches.

A. F. F., (Racine,) writes: "I am an illiterate son of an old farmer. I can never do anything to please him. I do not like farming. I will not be of age until next fall. I think I would like canvassing for newspapers. Now what shall I do; stay at home until I am twenty-one or go into some business? Is newspaper canvassing an honorable business? Is peddling an honorable business?" Perhaps you had better strike out for yourself if you conceive that you are so ill-treated. It might be better for both than remaining at home on such unpleasant circumstances. Canvassing is an honorable business, though not more so than farming. Any honest business, honestly pursued, is honorable. A good canvasser could make money, but there are certain requirements for that occupation not to be found in "just anybody."

OSCEOLA, (Camden, Ark.,) asks: "1st. How are napkin-rings used, and how many, and what is the price of a nice set? 2d. Is it proper to put address on notes to a friend or acquaintance? 3d. What is the latest style of accepting or declining a note from a gentleman to concert, parties and other places? 4th What is a nice way to treat a rejected? 5th. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. We can conceive of but one way in which they could be used, and that is to hold the napkin, before and after it is in use. The chief object of their use is to distinguish one person's napkin from another's so that the same napkin can be used a number of times without washing. One to each person is enough. The cost of a set of a dozen solid silver napkin-rings would be about $60, we suppose. Not plated or bone ones can be bought quite low. They are higher or lower priced, according to size and style. 2d. It is best in all cases to put the address fully and plainly. 3d. There is no "latest style." A simple note, accepting or declining, is all that is necessary. 4th. If you wish us, you can invite them into your house and give them cakes and lemonade or coffee, or some similar refreshment. You are not required to do so, however. 5th. Good.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]